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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

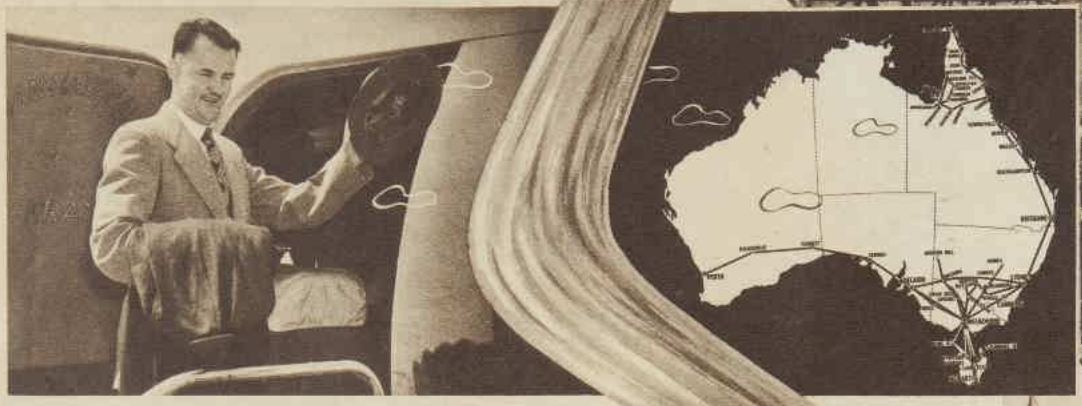


Honolulu Honeymoon

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"If you won't take his jewels I suppose you won't take my strawberries," he said.

FOR RICHER, TOO

By ELSIE TAYE

NORMA found a reasonably safe place in the shade of the boathouse and threw her cushion on the rickety dock. Lying flat, her head on the cushion, she planned to consider what kind of a job she would look for.

The early heat was oppressive and there was a soothing smell of old wet wood from the boathouse. Norma's senses melted and swam together in a delicious stupor.

Someone kissed her square on the mouth. That would be Cyril.

"Hello." Norma opened her eyes and sat up. "I thought you'd gone away."

"I postponed it. I say, that thing's falling right off you."

"Well, don't look then," she said practically and pulled up her shoulder strap. "Why?"

"Well," Cyril smiled at her, "I thought I'd come and see about you and me."

"Oh," said Norma. She looked up at him sleepily and then out at the glassy lake. She wanted to yawn, realised it would look rude, and swallowed instead. Cyril was nothing to yawn about.

Of medium height, he was handsome in a square-faced way, his black curly hair already, at 27, thinning at the temples. Also he was healthy and intelligent with a heavy sense of responsibility.

"You've had almost a year to make up your mind," said Cyril, "and I thought this would help you decide."

As though it might contain handcuffs Norma gingerly took the little white box, opened it and caught her breath. "Why," she said, "It's like a little lake. You can look deep down into it."

"It cost about as much as a lake," said Cyril. "Good sapphires are expensive."

"Now, Cyril, you're not going to start talking about your money, are you?"

"Yes, I am. You like me—you've told me there isn't anyone you like any better—which is good enough for me—"

"But—"

"—and you must realise money is important, perhaps one of the most important things in this world. We have a great deal—more than I like to think of sometimes——"

"Have you?" She looked up brightly. "How much?"

His laugh was impatient. "The exact amount doesn't matter. But I want you to understand that things would be—well—different for you."

"Tell me," said Norma. She had slipped the ring on her finger and was holding it away from her where it seemed to splinter in the sun. His eyes were wandering from the boathouse up the rickety dock to the small white cottage which needed a coat of paint. Norma's temper began to rise.

"Your mother," said Cyril quickly, seeing her face, "said I could come any time. But if it isn't convenient—"

"Oh, quite convenient." Sometimes she felt sorry for Cyril. And her mother would be pleased. Pleased and nervous. Her mother adored Cyril and was terribly impressed by him.

"Look, darling," said Cyril, "the thing is you'd never have anything to worry about—"

"Worry," said Norma. She slid the ring off and put it in its box. "Sometimes I think I don't worry enough. Everyone should have something to worry about." She handed him the box.

Cyril turned pale. "No, no," said Norma, standing up. "It's not for keeps. But you take care of it until—we decide."

"I have decided." He stared at the square white box in his hand. "But I don't know how to persuade you, Norma. I don't know what you expect from marriage. You must know I'd do everything possible to make you happy. And I wish you'd realise that absolute security is a pretty fine thing to have."

"The best thing in the world."

"But you can't buy it. Actually, it's only a matter of confidence."

The voice came from behind them. Startled, Norma turned. Cyril turned.

"Why, yes," she said, surprised.

"Not cocky confidence," said the young man in overalls. "But finding a job you like and working at it till you know you're good——"

"You've got a nerve," said Cyril. "Do you always hang around listening to other people's conversations?"

"Hardly ever," said the young man, answering Cyril and looking at Norma. He was tall, and his straight, fair hair was streaked by the sun. He was carrying a box of strawberries.

"What wonderful berries," Norma said as she rose and prepared to leave the beach. "Are you selling them?"

"I was. Now I'd like to give them to you. But if you won't take his jewels I suppose you won't take my strawberries."

"Well—it wouldn't be fair, would it?"

"No. And we must be fair!"

"What is this?" demanded Cyril. "Do you know this fellow?"

Smiling at the newcomer, Norma said, "He's really quite nice," meaning Cyril. "And not as much of a stuffed shirt as you'd think."

"Norma! You go along, my man, and sell your vegetables."

"Oh, no," said Norma, her eyes soft and shining. "Mother will buy them."

"I'll bet your mother is beautiful, too," said the young man.

"Come on," said Norma. "We'll go in and see about the berries."

Cyril could come along with them or remain standing on the dock. He came along.

"Are you from one of the farms about here?" asked Norma, almost in her normal voice, as they crossed the beach and went up the steps to the cottage.

He said: "I've taken over the Ramsay place at the foot of the lake. Good soil there—it hadn't been used for years. My name is Don Matthews."

"Donald Matthews," said Norma, as she opened the cottage door. "Mine's Norma Gosnell."

Her mother had just wakened from a light sleep. "Hello," she said and blinked at the strawberries. "Thank goodness, they've left the stems on. Of course I'll buy them."

The box still in her hand, Norma broke the big news. "Cyril is here," she said.

Her mother sat up, pleased and nervous. Although an unworldly woman, she could not forget the advantages Cyril's wealth could give Norma.

The two men were standing on the verandah, being civil but by no means friendly as they gazed out over the lake. Both turned as Norma came out. She carried the housekeeping purse in her hand.

Don Matthews talked a little, telling her (not Cyril) about the wonderful peas which were almost ready, small the way peas should be, he was specialising in small, very choice fruits and vegetables, she saw that the berries were not big? And did her mother know about cooking two or three pods in with the peas for flavor?

Later he would have something special in tomatoes, small deep-red ones, he said.

Norma felt abandoned as she heard him say, "Be seeing you," saw him go out the door and down the steps.

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For Richer, Too

Continued from page 3

NORMA watched Don walk away, then turned to Cyril.

"Cyril——"

"Spare me," said Cyril. "If I had any sense I'd duck out and let you make a fool of yourself with this hayseed——"

"Oh, he isn't a hayseed."

"No, that's the funny part of it. Norma, you're not the girl I thought you were."

"Darling, I never was."

"Never mind the darling. But I find that I still have some obligation to you. I shall, if it isn't too much trouble, remain until Monday morning as I planned."

She had forgotten about Cyril's heavy sense of responsibility.

"Oh, mother will love having you," she said truthfully.

Cyril of course was not yet through with the ring. He would show it to Mrs. Gosnell, being careful to convey the fact that there were as yet no commitments. Mrs. Gosnell would look at the ring with a pretence of detachment, and slide glances at Norma. Her father would have his little joke, saying, "That's a dangerous thing to be carrying around—it would have a fatal influence on any but the most foolishly strong-minded girl." And nothing in the world would induce her parents to take the slightest interest in the Ramsay place or Don Matthews.

It turned out about like that. The rapt look on Norma's face was credited to the sapphire which she was being coy about, and it was natural for her to fail to make two obvious finesses as the four of them played bridge. Mrs. Gosnell purred.

Next morning, Norma asked Cyril casually, "Would you like to take a run up the lake?"

"Ha," said Cyril. "If you think I'd let you go calling on that blighter alone."

"We won't stay long," Norma promised cosily. "Maybe we'll just go past and say hello to him."

"If you weren't so stupid," said Cyril inaccuratly, as they started off, "you'd realise how ridiculous you're being. Poor but honest (if he is honest) boy versus rich one."

"There you go," said Norma. They were well out in the lake now and she was busy steering. "Must you talk about your money? And whatever happened to that nice girl you met last winter who was simply mad about you?"

"If you mean Jocelyn"—he seemed to brighten—"now there's a girl who wouldn't know how to be poor."

"Oh, for heaven's sake," said Norma. "If you mean me, I wish you'd stop calling us poor just because we don't have a lot of sapphires hanging around."

The lake was alive with week-end craft, sailing boats, motor-boats, canoes, everything water-borne. Steering expertly, Norma waved to a passing speedboat, gave the right-of-way to a yacht which bore down on them from nowhere, and returned the taunts of the two teen-age sailors whose rubber-soled feet clung easily to their perilous, tilted deck.

In a moment they were at the end of the lake. Norma swept in close where the old Ramsay place stretched from the shore back.

Debris was collected neatly on what had once been the lawn, and raw boards showed on the front of the weather-beaten farmhouse where the verandah had been. Great ancient trees drooped over the mossy roof. There was no sound from the house

"Let's tie up and go in," said Norma, as though it were a new idea. Cyril groaned.

A drive ran around the house and ended at an old barnlike structure. As their feet touched the thinned-out gravel, Don Matthews appeared in the doorway of the barn.

"Hello, Norma," he said. She might easily have imagined it all—his steady blue gaze, his special awareness of her, his acceptance of the fact that there was no need for them to hurry.

"Hello," he said to Cyril, not remembering the name. "If you two will wait a sec, I'm finishing up the last of the berries and we can all load them in the utility."

"I knew I shouldn't have come," said Cyril.

"And then I'll show you around."

"Of course we'll help," said Norma, following him into the dim barn where a worktable had been set up. "It must be hard work running a farm all by yourself."

"Thousands," said Cyril, peering in, "have been lost by people trying to run a farm alone. You can lose your shirt."

"You're almost bound to the first year," said Don. "Then, if you're lucky, you buy a new one the next year."

Only Norma laughed.

"Without seasonal help," stated Cyril, "you can't—"

"Oh, I have seasonal help lined up. Almost got in a jam for next week though." He wiped his hands on a piece of cloth and smiled at Norma.

It had nothing to do with what he was saying.

"The university students I had lined up for the peas are all up in the valley picking cherries—everything's popping at once with this early heat. A couple more days of hot sun could ruin my peas but"—he put the cloth down—"some friends of mine have volunteered to help out. They're coming this afternoon, I hope."

He thrust the big tray of boxes at Cyril. "Slide it into the utility. Don't bang it down."

"Oh," said Cyril. "Don't bang it down." He looked at his clean sport shirt, he looked at Norma, then out to the utility.

> *"A good listener is not only popular everywhere, but after a while he knows something."*
>
> **Wilson Mizner.**

When the trays were all in, flat on the floor, Don said, "Now I'll give you a quick run over the place."

He loved his shabby old farm, and Norma loved it. Cyril did not, as he trailed them doggedly. She saw the great shining all-purpose tractor, she stood where some time he was going to put in a retaining wall against the floods . . . here he planned to put in a flagstone terrace.

She was following eagerly when Don said over his shoulder, "Look out for the—"

But it was too late. With a great splintering of wood half of Norma disappeared and she clung, astonished, to the frail rim of wood which threatened to drop the rest of her into what may have been a bottomless pit.

Don took only two strides to reach her. He threw himself on the ground and put his arms around what remained of her above ground and shouted at Cyril, "Get a rope—in the barn—step on it."

Cyril stepped on it.

Securely, safely, Don held her. Their faces were close together. Slowly, almost involuntarily, their faces moved closer. They kissed.

"If," panted Cyril, "you have any more boobytraps around this joint, you'd better mark them."

"I did." Don looked reproachfully into Norma's eyes. "I had shingles piled. You should never step on loose shingles."

"I'm sorry," she said, and whispered, "darling."

He forgave her as he would forgive her anything. And then, the rope looped under her arms, both of them lifting her, they had her upon the ground. Her slacks were torn, one leg was bleeding and Norma looked as though the most wonderful thing in the world had happened to her.

Examining her leg the two men clucked like roosters over the deep scratch. Don said, "Run upstairs and get my first-aid—no, I'll get it."

"Yes," said Cyril. "You."

When Norma limped into the house and said to her mother, "I fell into a well," her mother laughed in disbelief, until she saw her daughter's leg.

"I thought you were in the boat!" And as Norma explained, Mrs. Gosnell began, at last, to take an interest in Don Matthews.

"Is he married?" she asked.

"Oh, no," said Norma happily. "Not yet."

"Oh, Cyril," said Mrs. Gosnell. "Come with me for a moment, will you? There's a little something I wish you would do for me." And, as transparent as cellophane, she drew Cyril into the kitchen. Their voices were a murmur.

Norma walked out on the verandah, stretched with abandon and dropped down on the cane lounge where she buried her ecstatic face in a cushion.

Being Saturday her father came home early. He was apprehended in the rear of the cottage as he stepped out of his car. Norma lowered the magazine she had been trying to read, and listened without guilt.

Straight after dinner next day she went to the boathouse. Cyril was at her heels.

"Bodyguard?" she asked sweetly as she unfastened the boat.

"You know what I think?" said Cyril. "I think we ought to look in on young Matthews and see if his help arrived."

"You don't have to come."

"Oh, I can hardly wait."

Long before they were close enough to tie up at the old cement dock they saw the figures moving in the paddock behind the farmhouse.

"Look at the farmhands, will you?" said Cyril in a low voice.

Norma was already looking at them. There were three besides Don. A large pale man who moved ponderously in the heat; a tall, leathery individual who struck a self-conscious pose as soon as he saw them; a gnarled, bowed little man working close to Don.

The thing that most confused Norma was their ages. Don had said they were friends of his. Don could not be more than 23 or 24, but these three looked nothing under fifty.

She liked the way Don finished the row before dumping his sack and approaching them. He looked tired.

"Don't you want me to get you some water or something?" she asked. He was wiping his sunburned face with what, not long ago, had been a clean handkerchief.

"No. I want you to get home before this storm breaks. You must be crazy," he said to Cyril, "to bring her out on the lake with those thunderheads piling up."

"That makes three of us crazy then," said Cyril. "I see your—er—friends arrived."

"Yes. Three old faithfuls. They've been at it since five o'clock."

He turned back to Norma.

"Most of these,"—he indicated the bushels of peas—"go into the public market, but I'm going to deliver a few around the lake. I'll bring some for your mother to-morrow."

"What time?" asked Norma.

"As early as I can."

The sun disappeared behind crackling clouds as they sped up the lake. Cyril spoke once. "Very fishy," he said and the rest of the time was busy worrying about pneumonia and the rain which had hit them like a blow.

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THE LUCKIEST GUY IN TOWN

By Willard H. Temple

ONE day while I was in New York with Mr. Rossman on business I had some time to kill, so I was walking along the street wondering if Edith was missing me. But I knew Ralph Bender was probably taking care of that. I'd almost proposed to her before I left, but I didn't quite make the grade.

I saw some people in line in front of a radio station. Having nothing to do I joined them. An hour and a half later I had won a refrigerator, a television set, an electric clock, a bedroom suite, two tickets to Bermuda, and twenty-five pounds of cheese.

I came out of there two inches taller than I went in. It did something to me. I didn't care any more that Ralph Bender was a six-footer with the kind of profile that made all the girls in the store back home stare at him.

I went back to the hotel to wait for Mr. Rossman and up until then I had always been in awe of him. But did he have a big television set? No. Had he ever been to Bermuda? No. Chances were he couldn't afford to buy twenty-five pounds of cheese at one crack.

When he came up to the room I was lying on the bed. I usually jumped when he came in but this time I just lay back and flapped a hand at him.

"How's every little thing, Chester?" I said.

He looked surprised at my calling him Chester. "Joseph," he said, "we leave for home to-night. You have conducted yourself very well here. I may say that in due course of time you will undoubtedly be a buyer."

I had been waiting a long time for that. But now I took it right in my stride.

"I won't let you down," I said. "By the way, I'll be getting married, Chester. Be taking time off for a honeymoon. I'm going to marry Edith Gilroy. That cute little brunette in shirts. We'll be sailing down to Bermuda for our honeymoon."

Mr. Rossman almost fell out of his chair.

"After we set up housekeeping," I said, "I hope you and Mrs. Rossman will come over and see us. We can watch the fights on our television set."

Mr. Rossman smiled. "Well, Joseph," he said, "you have always impressed me as a quiet, sincere, and hard-working employee. If you plan to be married, a small raise will probably be in order. But you are not yet a buyer. And I am very much afraid, my boy, that you are not in the television set class. Or Bermuda either, for that matter."

"I was on the Vat O' Cheese programme," I said. "I won a bedroom suite, a refrigerator, a television set, an electric clock, two tickets to Bermuda, and twenty-five pounds of cheese."

Mr. Rossman couldn't get over it. He said he was glad for me but I could see it burned him up.

"Lucky you," he said. "Lucky Joe Laney."

We took the train that night. In a hurry to get the prizes home I'd arranged to have them shipped immediately. I'd had my name down for an apartment at home, and I had only a little while to wait to get it. I was all set.

We got in the next morning and everyone in the store had heard the news. "Lucky you," they said. "Lucky Joe Laney."

I stopped off at the jewellery department and blew a month's pay on a diamond ring. I went over to shirts and Edith had her back to me. The store hadn't opened for business. I put my arms around her from the back.

"Relax, baby," I said. "I'm home."

"Why, Joe," she said, "what's come over you?"

I put the ring on her finger. "We're taking time off for Bermuda on our honeymoon," I said. "When do we get married?"

Her face flushed. I could see she was impressed by my new technique. "Joe," she said, "isn't it customary to ask the bride-to-be where she wants to go on a honeymoon?"

"Not this time, baby," I told her. "You're marrying me and we're sailing the ocean blue to Bermuda. You're a lucky girl. You marry some other fellow around the store and likely you'd spend your honeymoon in a cabin up on Sourface Mountain. With me you have the best including a Chippendale bedroom suite."

"Oh, is that so?" Edith said. "How do you know I like a boat trip? And how do you know I like Chippendale? Maybe I'm crazy about modern furniture. Joe, I think you're letting this go to your head. Calm down."

"Well, look," I said, "I'm getting an apartment over on Elmwood. Have it before long. I thought we'd live there. And I want to get the furniture and things in there as soon as possible. Otherwise I have to pay storage."

Edith's face became pink again. "Joseph Laney," she said, "are you proposing to me in order to save a few dollars storage? Are you planning to marry me just because you have enough furniture to start housekeeping and you want a wife to dust that bedroom suite?" She took the ring off her finger.

"Now, honey," I began and somebody pushed me.

It was old collar-ad Ralph Bender himself. "Is this character annoying you, Edith?" he said. He draped himself over the counter. "So you won some furniture, did you, Laney? What are you trying to do now, win a girl to go with it? I don't think you'll be quite that lucky."

I'd always wanted to hit him but I never had. I thought about it now because Edith had smiled a little, but I wanted that buyer job, too.

I picked up the ring with dignity and went down the aisle, and a honeyed voice said, "Hello, Lucky."

It was Daphne Finch, a tall blonde in sweaters, and, brother, she belonged there. "Lucky," she said, "your tie's crooked. Let me straighten it for you."

I tilted my chin and she tied the tie. I heard a noise and saw that Edith had knocked six shirts off the counter. It came over me that maybe Edith had never really appreciated me. Maybe it would be a good idea to show Edith that I was really quite a man with the fair sex.

"Lucky," Daphne said, "I never see you around. Every time you come past here you're on the run. Where are all the things you won on the radio show, Lucky?"

"They're being shipped out," I said. "Ought to be here on Friday." I took a peek at Edith, but she was very busy doing nothing with her nose pointed at the ceiling.

"I'll take you out to dinner on Friday," I said to Daphne. "Then I'll show you what I won."

Edith was still imitating the Sphinx.

I went around the corner to handkerchiefs where a tall red-haired girl worked. She was new around the place and everyone had given her a rush. Everyone but me, that is. I had never looked at anyone but Edith.

"Hello, Lucky," the redhead said, giving me a big smile.

"You busy Saturday?" I said. "I'll take you out to dinner."

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"Joe, I haven't seen you for ages," Daphne said, giving my tie an affectionate tweak.

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CROOKED HOUSE

By AGATHA CHRISTIE



"It's horrible, Charles," Sophia said, as we watched the car drive slowly away.

PART NINE OF A TEN-PART SERIAL

FOR a few minutes after the little lawyer went out the family sat in complete silence, staggered, obviously, by this news that Sophia was sole heir to old Leonides' fortune. Finally Philip got up stiffly. "I must get back to the library," he said. "I have lost a lot of time."

"Father—" Sophia spoke uncertainly, almost pleadingly, then drew back as Philip turned cold hostile eyes on her.

"You must forgive my not congratulating you," he said. "But this has been rather a shock to me. I would not have believed that my father would have so humiliated me—that he would have disregarded my lifetime's devotion—yes—devotion."

For the first time, the natural man broke through the crust of icy restraint. "How could he do this to me?" he cried. "He was always unfair to me—always."

"Oh, no, Philip, no, you mustn't think that," cried Edith de Haviland. "Don't regard this as another slight. It isn't. When people get old, they turn naturally to a younger generation. I assure you it's only that. And besides, Aristide had a very keen business sense. I've often heard him say that two lots of death duties . . ."

"He never cared for me," said Philip. His voice was low and hoarse. "It was always Roger—Roger. Well, at least"—an extraordinary expression of spite suddenly marred his handsome features—"father realised that Roger was a fool and a failure. He cut Roger out, too."

"What about me?" said Eustace. I had hardly noticed Eustace until now, but I perceived that he was trembling with some violent emotion. His face was crimson, and there were, I thought, tears in his eyes. His voice shook as it rose hysterically.

"How dare grandfather do this to me?" he cried. "I was his only grandson. How dare he pass me over for Sophia? I hate him. I'll never forgive him as long as I live. Beastly, tyrannical old man. I wanted him to die. I wanted to get out of this house. I wanted to be my own master. And now I've got to be bullied and messed around by Sophia, and be made to look a fool. I wish I was dead . . ."

His voice broke and he rushed out of the room.

Edith de Haviland gave a sharp click of her tongue. "No self-control," she murmured.

"I know just how he feels," cried Magda.

"I'm sure you do," said Edith with acidity in her tone.

"The poor sweet! I must go after him."

"Now, Magda—" Edith hurried after her.

Their voices died away. Sophia remained looking at Philip. There was, I think, a certain pleading in her glance. If so, it got no response. He looked at her coldly, quite in control of himself once more.

"You played your cards very well, Sophia," he said and went out of the room.

"That was a cruel thing to say," I cried. "Sophia——"

She stretched out her hands to me. I took her in my arms, and she murmured, "I know just how they feel."

I said indignantly, "That old devil, your grandfather, shouldn't have let you in for this."

She straightened her shoulders. "He believed I could take it. And so I can. I wish—I wish Eustace didn't mind so much."

"He'll get over it."

"Will he? I wonder. He's the kind that broods terribly. And I hate father being hurt."

"At least your mother's all right," I said.

"She minds a bit. It goes against the grain to have to come and ask your daughter for money to put on plays. She'll be after me to put on the Edith Thompson one before you can turn round."

"And what will you say? If it keeps her happy . . ."

"I shall say 'No!' It's a rotten play and mother couldn't play the part. It would be throwing the money away."

I laughed softly. I couldn't help it.

"What is it?" Sophia demanded suspiciously.

"I'm beginning to understand why your grandfather left you his money. You're a chip off the old block, Sophia."

My one feeling of regret at this time was that Josephine was out of it all. She would have enjoyed it all so much.

Her recovery was rapid and she was expected to be back any day now, but nevertheless she missed another event of importance.

I was in the rock garden one morning with Sophia and Brenda when a car drew up to the front door. Taverner and Sergeant Lamb got out of it. They went up the steps and into the house.

Brenda stood still, staring at the car.

"It's those men," she said. "They've come back, and I thought they'd given up—I thought it was all over."

I saw her shiver.

She had joined us about ten minutes before. Wrapped in her chinchilla coat, she had said: "If I don't get some air and exercise, I shall go mad. If I go outside the gate there's always a reporter waiting to pounce on me. It's like being besieged. Will it go on for ever?"

Sophia said that she supposed the reporters would soon get tired of it.

"You can go out in the car," she added.

"I tell you I want to get some exercise."

Then she said abruptly: "You've given Laurence the sack, Sophia. Why?"

Sophia answered quietly: "We're making other arrangements for Eustace. And Josephine is going to Switzerland."

"Well, you've upset Laurence very much. He feels you don't trust him."

Sophia did not reply and it was at that moment that Taverner's car had arrived.

Standing there, shivering in the moist autumn air, Brenda muttered: "What do they want? Why have they come?"

I thought I knew why they had come. I had said nothing to Sophia of Laurence and Brenda's love letters that I had found, but I knew that they had gone to the Director of Public Prosecutions.

Taverner came out of the house again. He walked across the drive and the lawn towards us. Brenda shivered more violently.

"What does he want?" she repeated nervously.

Then Taverner was with us. He spoke curtly to Brenda in his official voice, using the official phrases.

"I have a warrant here for your arrest. You are charged with administering eserine to Aristide Leonides on September 19 last. I must warn you that anything you say may be used in evidence at your trial."

Brenda went to pieces. She screamed. She clung to me. She cried out, "No, no, it isn't true! Charles, tell them it isn't true! I didn't do it. I didn't know anything about it. It's all a plot. Don't let them take me away. It isn't true, I tell you . . . It isn't true . . . I haven't done anything . . ."

It was horrible—unbelievably horrible. I tried to soothe her, I unfastened her fingers from my arm. I told her that I would arrange for a lawyer for her—that she was to keep calm—that a lawyer would arrange everything——

Taverner took her gently under the elbow.

"Come along, Mrs. Leonides," he said. "You don't want a hat, do you? No? Then we'll go off right away."

She pulled back, staring at him with enormous cat's eyes.

"Laurence," she said. "What have you done to Laurence?"

"Mr. Laurence Brown is also under arrest," said Taverner.

She wilted then. Her body seemed to collapse and shrink. The tears poured down her face. She went quietly with Taverner across the lawn to the car. I saw Laurence Brown and Sergeant Lamb come out of the house and go towards the car. Then they all got into the car together.

I drew a deep breath and turned to Sophia. She was very pale and there was a look of distress on her face. We walked back towards the house, but finally she turned, and we stood watching the car as it drove slowly away.

"It's horrible, Charles," she said. "It's quite horrible."

"I know."

"You must get her a really first-class solicitor—the best there is. She—she must have all the help possible."

"One doesn't realise," I said, "what these things are like. I've never seen anyone arrested before."

"I know. One has no idea."

We were both silent. I was thinking of the desperate terror on Brenda's face. It had seemed familiar to me and suddenly I realised why. It was the same expression that I had seen on Magda Leonides' face the first day I had come to the Crooked House when she had been talking about the Edith Thompson play.

"And then," she had said, "sheer terror, don't you think so?"

Sheer terror—that was what had been on Brenda's face. Brenda was not a fighter. I wondered that she had had the nerve to do murder.

Please turn to page 32

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Little LADY in GREY

By Mary Just



"Perhaps there are only two sorts of husbands," Miss Taylor said reflectively, "the bad ones and the dull ones."

ALICE asked earnestly, "What was she like?"

"Well," said Miss Taylor, after a moment's thought, "she was a little lady in a grey silk gown."

"The first time you saw her, you mean?"

"Yes. That was in Brussels, when I was a schoolgirl. She came with her sister Emily, to teach English and to learn French. She was very small and thin, with extraordinary eyes, bright, and narrow, and turning up at the corners. She had the sweetest mouth and smile. And she was very, very quiet, the quietest person I ever knew. I think she was dreadfully shy, and she always had an idea that she wasn't interesting to anybody."

Miss Taylor sipped her tea from the delicate old china cup she held.

"That, you know," she resumed, "was quite a mistake. The second sister, Emily, was much better-looking — a curious creature, my dear—dark and vigorous and tall, but also completely silent . . . never spoke unless you spoke to her, and then generally answered you rudely. I didn't like her. None of us did. But my little dear stayed it out bravely (the other didn't, she said she couldn't bear being away from Yorkshire, or some such rubbish), and by degrees we all came to love her. Even . . ."

She stopped short. Then she cleared her throat. Or, as they used to say in the 1880's, she "hemmed a little."

"Perhaps I shouldn't mention this at all, Alice, my dear," she said finally. "But if I do, it is because I want very much to save you from making a very silly mistake."

Alice Mackenzie looked up at her, from the low stool by the fireside where she was sitting, her hands round her knees, her long slim waist tightly clasped by a "tennis belt and apron," which hung over her full blue skirts, blue which just matched her beautiful eyes. Her hair, dressed in the height of the fashion of 1887, was golden, and her little pale face was very lovely.

"Oh . . . Miss Taylor!"

Mary Taylor put down her cup, and spoke more decidedly.

"Now, my dear, I'm going to put aside all hesitation and tell you what I think. I'm seventy years old, so you must forgive me if I seem impertinent, but, at seventy, one has adjusted one's views of life, you know, especially if one has been fortunate enough to have known, and enjoyed, the friendship of a woman like . . . her."

Alice edged nearer, and put a hand on the arm of Miss Taylor's high-backed chair.

"Dear Miss Mary! As if I should mind anything you said to me. You're Granny's friend, and Mamma is so fond of you, too, and I know you want to help me."

"Yes, my dear, I do. Now, how old are you? Just nineteen, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"And you came out just a year ago, and we all hoped you would make a really brilliant marriage. At least some of us did. I . . ." said Miss Mary Taylor softly, "perhaps hoped more, that you would make a happy one."

Alice's reaction to this speech was rather unexpected. She turned away her head, then suddenly burst into floods of tears.

"Now, now, now," said Miss Taylor, patting the golden head. "I know just what it feels like. But you know, my dear, hearts don't really break."

"They do," sobbed Alice.

"No, dear. They get badly bruised, and they hurt a great deal, but they don't break. If you're brave enough . . . as brave as she was . . . you come out from your ordeal just as the gold emerges from the fire, more beautiful, stronger, and worthier in every way. It doesn't embitter you. Only the base metal gets burned and embittered."

"You keep speaking of her, Miss Taylor." Alice produced a delicately embroidered little handkerchief and dabbed at her eyes. "Why did you? Did she ever? . . . No, she couldn't have."

"She did," said Miss Mary.

There was a long, long silence, during which Alice's great blue eyes gazed up at Miss Taylor in bewildered amazement. At last Miss Taylor said quietly: "Ring, will you please, dear, and we'll have the tea removed."

When this was done, the two sat on in silence a while. The firelight danced over the pleasant room, pleasant in spite of the appalling bad taste of the period; the crowding of ornaments, the picture-covered walls, the patterned wallpaper.

"Now, my child," said Miss Taylor at last, "I'm going to tell you about something I've never discussed with any living soul before. I trust you never to repeat it. I tell it because I think perhaps it may help you. You are . . ." she hesitated, and once more "hemmed" slightly, "you are in love with Patrick Downe, are you not?"

"Oh, Miss Taylor . . ."

Alice covered her face with her hands. It would hardly have been considered decent to reply in any other manner at that date, and anyhow, there was a feature in this particular case which made it almost obligatory. This feature Miss Taylor now translated into the cold reality of a stated fact.

"And he is a married man, my dear!"

"I can't help it, Miss Mary, I can't. One doesn't love people on purpose."

"I know, I know, my dear. Neither did she. She came to that quaint old school in Brussels, a little shy, homely, almost uncouth creature, and there she met . . . him." She sighed. "It was nobody's fault. It never is. Those things simply happen."

"Darling Miss Mary. You understand so well."

"I watched it all, you see, my dear. He was a strange sort of man, very dark, with flashing black eyes, rather like your Patrick, although perhaps . . ." Miss Mary broke off, producing once more the inevitable "hem."

"Perhaps I ought not to call him yours," she continued. "There was something about her, that little lady in grey, that put her apart from everyone else in the place. She was like . . . yes, almost like a little fairy. Not the fairy-queen kind, you know, but one of those little creatures that are as invisible as the cobwebs in the dawn, the ones that leave sixpences in good girls' shoes, and things like that.

"It was only bit by bit that he began to take any interest in her, or to notice her. Just once in a while she would come out with a surprising remark that showed you how wonderfully well-read she was, and how deeply she thought. I remember the first time, it was during the evening meal (I was one of the elder pupils, allowed to partake with Monsieur and Madame Heger) that Madame quoted a maxim to the effect that provided one is in love, one pardons everything and added, 'as Voltaire tell us.'

"My little grey lady looked up very shyly from her strange slanting eyes, and said, in a voice that was barely audible: 'If Madame will forgive me, it was La Rochefoucauld who said that.' That was the first time I ever saw Monsieur Heger look at her, really look at her, I mean. And she looked back at him. Ah, me. That's the way those things begin."

Alice's tears began to flow again, but she said nothing.

"Well, my dear, there's only one thing to be done in a case like that, and eventually she did it. I don't know, I never shall know now, what passed between them, or whether the thing was ever put into words at all. Likely enough it was not, but words are not always . . ." she abandoned that topic as beyond her.

"I only know that some months later she went away home to England. Often she wrote to me, for she was very, very unhappy, and bitter sorrows were round her. She lost her two sisters and her brother, almost within a year of one another. And she wrote to Monsieur Heger, once, twice, and again, but he did not reply. Perhaps he was wise.

Please turn to page 37

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In glowing colors . . .

Lustrous materials, rich colors, and lavish embroidery in sequins, pearls, and semi-precious stones characterise these beautiful London ball gowns.



● Lilac satin evening frock by Hartnell, above, has square decolletage, pointed cuffs to short sleeves, and the handsome sequin embroidery which he uses so well.



● Sequin embroidery also trims Peter Russell's violet satin evening frock and coatee, at the top right. Cuffs and hip pockets are richly encrusted with a deep border and tubular skirt has fishtail train.

● Red satin and fuchsia taffeta make Michael Sherard's striking evening frock with a sheath underskirt and floating overskirt, which give an effect of fullness. Decolletage accents two-color scheme.



Formal Elegance

FASHIONS for important evening events now have a formality and elegance that are reminiscent of the Edwardian era. Rich fabrics, rich accessories, and, richest of all, color in a riot of jewel and flower shades are featured.

Necklets and other jewellery range from fabulously valuable pieces to dog collars of velvet or net, studded with rhinestones, pearls, and other gems.

In the midst of all this elegance, the battle of the hemline adds piquancy, as the famous designers sponsor their individual versions in dips and peaks.

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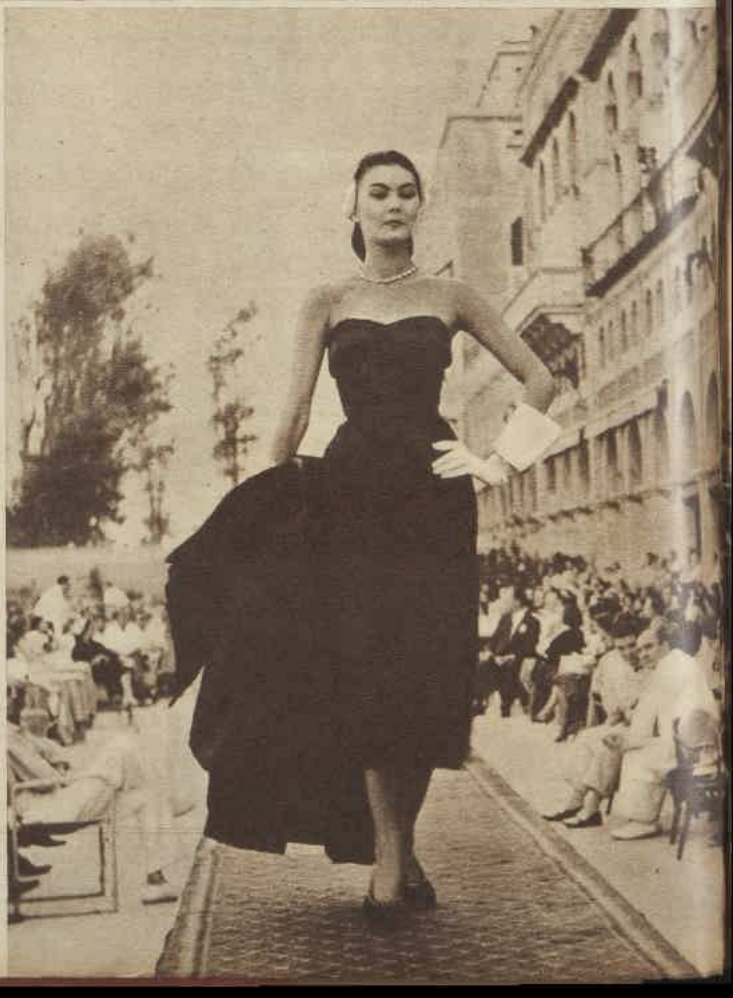
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FONTANA of Rome designed this evening frock of white poplin interwoven with gold thread, sprinkled with rhinestones. Hand-made white organza flowers are used on skirt and on one shoulder. Long white suede gloves are arm-pit length.



OPEN-AIR dress show. Mannequin shows Fontana's black wool cocktail dress trimmed with semi-circular design of black velvet. It has a matching full-length coat.

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High Style FROM ITALY

ROME now competes with Paris as the world's fashion capital. There is gaiety, individuality, and unpretentiousness in the work of Italian designers.

These pictures were taken specially for The Australian Women's Weekly. Story and more pictures appear on pages 15, 44, and 45.



EVENING FROCK by Fontana is cut on sari lines. In royal-blue pure silk it is embroidered in gold. Matching velvet wrap is bordered in matching gold stripes.



WHITE SATIN, heavily jewelled, in another Fontana evening frock with wrap-over tubular skirt. Jewelled shoes, ermine muff, rhinestone necklace and long earrings add to its air of opulence.



SCHUBERTH of Rome designed this bustled gown of yards and yards of fine Chantilly lace with fichu drape over bare shoulders and huge handmade roses trailing on the skirt. Lace is sprinkled with tiny jewels.



DRAPERY into sculptured folds gives height and dignity to this Fontana evening gown of white satin. It is embroidered with polished oyster shells from which are scattered large pearls.

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Rome is fashion centre . . .

Vivid individuality and rich fabrics in clothes

Glittering celebrities flock to Rome to buy their clothes at a third of the cost in Paris.

Many order anything from fifteen to thirty models at a time from Rome's leading half-dozen couturiers. Then they match the models with superlative accessories.

From ANNE MATHESON in Rome

THE Italian craftsman excels in making gloves, handbags, shoes, and beautiful Byzantine jewellery.

Princesses, film stars, and wealthy Americans find the clothes more wearable than French clothes, and the materials are always the purest silk, satin, brocade, or finest velvet.

In the past year Italian mills have produced new and very beautiful woollens, all with that touch of vivid Italian individuality.

Decollete evening dresses are rich with encrustations of rhinestones, paillettes, sequins, and few women dine out without an evening hat in sequins or stiff satin, sporting an osprey of delicate feathers.

A series of different "tops" gives variety for evening. Most popular "top" is the sweater top in black jersey, with drop-shoulder decolletage, richly embroidered in colored beads, paillettes, and sparkling multi-colored stones.

Some, for less important occasions, are drop-shoulder with a wide band of hand crochet in black wool round the wide neckline. Others have a simpler pattern of fine gold thread woven into the neckline.

These tuck into skirts that may be anything from a finely pleated net in layer upon layer to the neat black velveteen skirt with buttoned-on front panel and exaggerated hip-pockets.

The Italian topcoat is ideal for the sunny winter days in Rome. Double-face material which can be worn on either side is the vogue this winter.

Coats are cut with high collars falling forward to deep peaks, and they sweep out to a lovely fullness in motion. Dropped shoulders are high style, and fur is worked with fabric here far oftener than whole coats of fur.

Princess Irene Galitzine, who made the whole of Mrs. Romaine Simpson's wardrobe for her European tour last summer, when she announced her engagement to Lord Milford Haven, takes a deep blue fox and sits it high around the shoulders of a very slim-fitting coat that buttons closely down one side. The wide band of fox is repeated around the hemline.

With these high-collared and befurred necklines, the skullcap pulled right down to one side is logical favorite.

Hair is, of course, worn short, and, because the Roman aristocracy have such classic features, they can well afford to sweep their hair right off the face, holding back loose wisps with a heavily jewelled band of velvet that only just suggests a hat.

Darling of the aristocrats in Rome is Schuberth. He wears nearly as many jewels as he uses to deck out his clientele. For them he designs rather simple lines with fabulous embroideries, earrings that glitter and swing like miniature chandeliers, daisy-chains in paste that are larger than life size.

For himself, a half dozen bracelets and outsize heavy gold ring carrying a huge semi-precious stone, a black velvet, loosely cut working suit with "aguilettes" on shoulder in richly chased gold, a soft black jersey bolero. His personality is reflected in his exciting creations that film stars wear before the cameras and in their private lives. He takes his inspiration from swift-moving events—designed a whole series of clothes known as the Bandit Juliana's. They swathe round the waist with heavy silk colored sashes.



SCHUBERTH, the Jacques Fath of Rome, much bejewelled himself, talks fashion with another richly dressed couturier, Mimi Guidi, of Milan.



FONTANA, one of three sister designers (left), at opera with film star Linda Christian (right), who wore a Fontana frock for her marriage to Tyrone Power.

One evening dress in Point de Venice lace is the talk of Rome. It is ballerina length, topless, and the pattern of lace is delicately embroidered in tiny seed pearls and white rhinestones.

But the Point de Venice is only for the very wealthy, and this dress is repeated in less rare and costly materials, with cream lace mounted on pale pink satin and more lightly jewelled.

For functional clothes there are the beautifully cut morning dresses at Battilocchi's, in the Via Sistina—envelope line in double-face jersey, grey one side, citron the other, with a whole series of enveloping topcoats in deep pile duvetyn.

Princess Ashraf, sister of the Shah of Persia, who is here with her ladies-in-waiting, ran up an order for two hundred — yes, two hundred — frocks from Signora Battilocchi.

In a circular salon with fountains playing in the courtyard and golden angels holding up the occasional tables and ashtrays is a well-established house where grandmother started, left her flourishing business (and talent for designing) to her two daughters, who in turn passed on their business acumen to their three daughters. They are the Sorelle Botti.

Here you will find tartans with huge bloused tunic bodices and flared Cossack skirts, black fur muff and black fur Cossack hat, and tartan used for topcoats that not only fold right over in front, but are so flared they can be swept across like a toreador's cloak.

Every frock from their house is a picture, from the red taffeta Rembrandtesque cocktail dress of smock-like cut caught at the waist with thin belt, the whole completed with a black velvet Rembrandt hat and pheasant's feather circling the face, to the simple shirt-waist dress in fine tartan neatly pleated above and below the belt-line.

At Fontana's, another three-sister business, you find superlative tailoring, cocktail suits with tube skirts and deeply pocketed jackets in velvets, silks, and rich brocades. Here you will see soft woollens with a sheen as fine as the poplins they use so much for summer.

For shoes in Italy there is the famous Ferugamo, whose workrooms are in Florence.

New designs are "flatties" for golf in pig-skin or lizard, with cobra-hood fronts curling over the instep, the Louis heel, not quite so exaggerated as in the 'twenties, but often beautifully jewelled for evening wear. Shoes for day wear have closed fronts, and are high cut over the vamp.

Gloves reach up to the armpits, and a high peak, following the Dior peaked-up fronts, shoots way up over the shoulder. They are made in most colors and softest suede.

All handbags in Rome are on the small rather than the large side. For anything after five o'clock there is the Roman's version of the "Dorothy" bag, pulled up with draw-string, in velvets heavily jewelled.

The envelope purse is new. It tucks under the arm with a wrap-around topcoat; is made in suede, baby crocodile, soft leather, or Madiera lace mounted on satin, sometimes has a long, thin shoulder-strap.

See pictures on pages 12, 13, 44, and 45.



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Designed rooms for Royalty

Famous decorator will establish schools here

By FREDA YOUNG, staff reporter

Famous English interior decorator A. James Onians, of Renaissance Ltd., Lowndes Street, London, who has come to settle in Australia, has packed his 42 years of life full of interesting people and experiences.

He intends to open schools in interior decorating in Sydney and Melbourne, and to establish an Australian line in decoration.



INTERIOR DECORATOR A. James Onians, who has come to Australia to establish schools here.



COCKTAIL SUIT in blood-red satin is one of several startling items in his Beau Brummel wardrobe. He has also brought 20 American and London suits with him.

JIMMY (to his friends) Onians has decorated the homes of members of the British Royal Family and aristocracy, foreign ex-royalties, English and American theatre and film stars, and other top-ranking personalities.

Tall, dark, with a quick wit and speech, he has a fund of fascinating reminiscences.

There is a dash of the Beau Brummel in him. He has brought at least 20 magnificent suits in a variety of fabrics and styles, tagged "Saks New York," or from famous tailors of Savile Row.

Some show the new American full back drape, others the equally new nipped-in back, but all the last word in good taste. His wardrobe also contains something verging on the revolutionary—colorful satin and silk cocktail suits.

One is in pigeon's-blood shade, printed all over in rows of tiny black bottles and glasses. It is intricately cut on the bias, the jacket fastening at the side with black buttons.

Unusual clothes

THE other is blood-red in color and is cut more in the orthodox pyjama suit style, except that it has a wide matching sash.

The finely textured light grey summerweight suit he wore on arrival here has wide squared shoulders and tapering hipline. With it he wore a dark navy-blue shirt carrying his monogram J.O. in white on the breast, and navy-and-white striped tie.

"My clothes are often remarked on in London papers," he told me.

But for all his ebullience Jimmy Onians has known some dark patches in his life.

His worst was when his lovely Georgian home in Chelsea was bombed during the war and in a split second he lost six people dear to him, including his fiancee.

"I was due to go into the R.A.F. the following week," he said, "and gave a small dinner party as a celebration.

"I went to the cellar to get a bottle of champagne and at that moment the bomb struck. I was buried for 12 hours before I was rescued and was in hospital for eight months.

"It was not until three months later that I knew about my friends."

He lost the sight of an eye and his legs were badly injured. He says he had collected some lovely things for his home, but all went.

He explained to me why he had come to Australia. "Many talented Australians go to England, make good and stay there and are lost to their home country.

"But I am leaving London at the height of my success. I have been here before, and am thrilled to be back again.

"The schools I hope to establish will give the average boy and girl the chance to know what to buy and what not to buy when they are planning their homes. And they can learn something of color, form, outline, and how to prepare a plan on which to work."

In explaining his idea of evolving an Australian interior decoration, he says: "There is the French school, Louis XIV and XV, and the lovely Marie Antoinette. There is the Italian School—the Renaissance. England has the Adam brothers, the Regency, and Georgian modes, and, loveliest of all, the Queen Anne, and America has its Williamsburg, parallel to our George I.

"For the Australian line I shall express the sky and the sea, with French and Mediterranean blues and dusty pinks, and the lovely gumtrees with cool greens that I could never use in England because of the climate."

Mr. Onians says that off-white and beige are definitely out, and that bottle-green, aqua, turquoise, and dusty pinks and blues and silver and gilt are newest colors.

"Grey walls, powder-blue curtains, and a touch of turquoise or, say, dusty-pink—delightful," he tells me.

He hopes to bring to Australia the rich and beautiful fabrics that are used overseas.

"I shall do all my own buying, and shall go constantly to Europe and America to keep my ideas up to date," he says.

Although he did a room at Clarence House for Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, he won't discuss it.

"I can't," he says. "Anything of that nature must come from Buckingham Palace.

"But I will say that the Princess is far more lovely than any of her pictures make her. Her skin is flawless and her teeth perfect. The Queen, too, is much lovelier than her pictures, and so nice. She has a remarkable flair for remembering names."

Some years ago he redecorated the home of the Duchess of Kent. He also decorated Fort Belvedere for the Duke of Windsor before the abdication, and the house in Regent's Park of the Duchess of Windsor, when she was Mrs. Wallie Simpson.

Other distinguished patrons, work on whose homes has taken him abroad many times, are Lord Peel, the ex-Crown Prince Umberto of Italy, ex-Queen Ena of Spain after her divorce from Alphonso, and General Franco's brother, who is Ambassador to Portugal.

In the film and theatre world, there were Arthur Rank, Ronald Colman, Mary Pickford, the Oliviers, Loretta Young, Norma Shearer, Sir Aubrey Smith, Owen Nares, Marie Tempest, Dame Irene Vanbrugh, and the beautiful up-and-coming young English film star, Adana Romney.

In Vivien Leigh's home he built a bedroom round the red brocade gown she wore in "Gone With the Wind," using the material of the frock in the furnishings.

He combined white walls, silver furniture, powder-blue covers, and red curtains. He is highly enthusiastic about that room.

Advised mother

EILEEN JOYCE'S home sounds entrancing, with its off-white bedroom with Regency stripes in the furnishings, and painted furniture. The drawing-room is in Italian style.

One of his recent film decor successes was in "Hamlet," for which he designed the stonework. The chair in which the Queen died was one of his.

Mr. Onians was born in South Wales. He was first conscious of his love of interior decorating when at the age of eight he advised his mother on her curtains and chair coverings.

At 17 he migrated to Australia and studied at the Melbourne Art School. He was in Minnie Hooper's ballet class when Bobbie Helpmann was there and he and Bobbie are still friends.

He got a job with a Melbourne firm of interior decorators, A. Higgins. After a few years he went back to England but returned again to Myer's in Adelaide.

On his return to England in 1932 he decided to do interior decorating there. He was penniless, and at first the English would have none of him and his Australian ideas.

"However, I made good and then the people who had turned me down at first came to me," he says.

Gables in Honolulu

Twenty-one-year-old Lilette Callil, of Melbourne, who took our *charmingly informal cover photo* of Clark Gable and his wife in Honolulu, was so nervous she could hardly hold the camera.

WITH her father, whom she had accompanied on a business trip to England, the Continent, and the U.S.A., she travelled back in the Lurline, the ship that took Clark Gable and his new bride, the former Sylvia Stanley, ex-wife of Lord Stanley, on their honeymoon trip to Honolulu.

"I just managed to steady my camera," she said. "There was a crowd of photographers standing round, all on their toes to get something specially good.

"The color film had been given to me as a special favor by the photographer at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, where we were staying. I had none of my own left, and, hearing I was an Australian, he offered to give me some of his.

"The Gables were terribly good, and must have posed for us for at least 45 minutes. Mrs. Gable seemed as used to being photographed as Clark. She had bought the clothes she was wearing in Honolulu only the day before.

"The boys of the local Press mentioned to Gable that no one in Honolulu wore their shirts tucked inside their trousers as he was wearing his. But I noticed he didn't alter it for the photographs.

"They appear to be very much *in love*, and at the night-club Don, The Beachcomber's, we were amused to see them sitting, holding hands in a dark corner, at a table for two."

Miss Callil intends to make photography her career. She took it up only a year ago after an illness.



AUSTRALIAN Lilette Callil, of Melbourne, who took our cover picture. Her hat and bag are Hawaiian.

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Editorial

FEBRUARY 11, 1950

RELIEF FOR PARENTS

ABOUT one million families will receive an extra 5/- weekly as endowment for the first child from next July.

Mothers of five, or even one or two, will welcome it, though this modest sum will not go far toward stretching the family income to pay food and clothing bills.

If the supply of the best kind of new Australians — Australian babies — is to be kept up, every possible adjustment of this kind should be made.

Many reasons have been given at different times and in different countries for declining birth-rates, but the basic reason is inadequate or insecure incomes.

The Western world may never return to the full quivers of Victorian times, for the principle of limiting or spacing out the arrival of babies has been widely accepted by all classes.

But it is natural to want children, and for every husband and wife who prefer to be without them there are thousands who feel incomplete without a family.

There is little happiness, however, in adding to a household whose resources are strained.

The high cost of having a baby remains, in spite of maternity allowances, another barrier to parenthood. Public hospitals are crowded and many private hospitals have closed down because the cost of running them requires fees beyond the means of most patients.

The Government, having honored its election promises on first-child endowment, should look round now for other ways to lighten the financial burden of the nation's parents.

ELEONORA DUSE: *Perfection her goal*

FAMOUS WOMEN

Great actress whose love for poet was ill-repaid

UNTIL she sacrificed her fortune and nearly wrecked her career for love of the poet d'Annunzio, Eleonora Duse strove tirelessly for perfection.

The great actress was a restless, quick-tempered genius who knew success and poverty, happiness and misery, adulation and slander. To some she was beautiful, to others incredibly plain.

It was said of her: "She was never a beauty, but she had a mystic quality which was far more valuable to her and her beautiful hands played continually a rare symphony of movement."

At 14 she was a small personality in the theatre, at 24 she was the leading actress in Italy, and at 34 she was ranked among the world's greatest stars.

King Edward VII once declared: "I would gladly go to a stable, if necessary, to hear the divine Duse."

Born in a third-class railway carriage in 1859, to parents who were members of a cheap theatrical road company, Eleonora Duse grew up in hunger and abject poverty and paid for it in poor health throughout her adult life.

Her romantic life was unlucky. At 19 she had a son to a man who made no attempt to marry her; she lived only four years with the sincere, gentle man she married; she had an undistinguished love affair with her leading man, followed by a brief but happy affair with a composer; when she was 40 she turned her life and her career over to the brilliant, ambitious d'Annunzio, who was five years younger. He repaid the reticent woman, who cherished the anonymity of her private life, by revealing the secrets of her life and her bedroom in a book which brought him the money he wanted.

On stage, Eleonora Duse acted with ardor and little restraint, but away from the theatre she was a shy, fragile woman who loved flowers, hated perfumes, and thirsted for knowledge.

She seldom rested. She was always on the move, wanted much from life, learned much from it, and forever sought perfection in her acting.

She was always fastidious about her appearance, even in her poorest days when she owned only one frock and a dark straw hat. Once she had achieved financial success she dressed beautifully. She hated frills and would not have lace and ribbons even on her underclothes.

She dressed her rich black hair very simply, seldom wore jewellery, and never wore a corset or bodice.

Eleonora Duse always occupied an obscure seat at concerts, seldom attended big receptions, was always forthright and outspoken, and was noted for her kindness.

She was always available to working women and girls who flocked to see her, "because I work just like them," but she would have nothing to do with those fighting for women's emancipation.

When a women's movement appealed to her for support, she wrote: "The mistake of the women's movement is that it immediately turns into a battlefield of petty bickerings and small victories. Consequently, it gives the impression that the sexes are two hostile parties, each of which can win at the cost of the other."

The Duse family was a seafaring one which had belonged to the Italian isle of Chioggia, in the Gulf of Venice, for generations until Luigi, grandfather of Eleonora, deserted the sea for the theatre. He was a well-known dialect actor whose career ended when he fell into political disgrace.

Her father, Alessandro Duse, wanted to be a painter, but his father insisted that he go on the stage, where he was never a success. Her mother was Angelica Cappeletto.

Eleonora herself was a born artist. According to one biographer, "Circumstances made her an actress, but she would have been as great had she chosen another of the arts."

As soon as she could walk and talk Eleonora began to act. She was barely four years old when she played the part of Cosette in a shortened version of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables."

With her parents she led the nomadic life of Italian actors in the 'sixties and 'seventies. They acted in tumble-down theatres, and often they could not get enough to eat.

Eleonora was 14 and playing leading roles in romantic tragedies with a cheap little road company when her mother died. She had not enough money to buy mourning, yet a few months later she and her father refused an inheritance of 10,000 lire from the estate of an uncle, because the mother could not share it with them.

Apart from brief periods at school, she absorbed most of her early education from the parts she played or heard.

At 14, theatrical critics began to notice her and report that she "acts with a certain fatigue, almost an annoyance or distaste for life."

In 1874, after an outstanding performance as Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet," the Revue de Paris described her as "a real ray of sunlight with the greatness of Shapespeare all there in the person of Juliet."

But, despite the praise of the critics, the next few years were dark ones, for her salary was poor, and she was often hungry.



ELEONORA DUSE at 45.

She toured as ingenue with several companies. In one the manager screamed at her during rehearsal: "Why don't you quit trying to be an actress? Can't you understand that the theatrical profession isn't bread for your teeth?"

Her first worthwhile chance on the stage came when she joined a company engaged for a season at the most fashionable theatre in Naples. The quick Neapolitan audience responded at once to the ardent acting of the hollow-cheeked girl.

It was the beginning of life for her. She came to know people of her own age, and formed a circle of friends, which included Matilde Serao, the novelist, and other young writers. She talked, listened, and grew young for the first time.

But she was still timid and inexperienced, so that, meeting Martino Cafiero, a fascinating, elegant young journalist, she fell passionately in love with him.

Cafiero was an accomplished young rake, and to Eleonora he was an enchanting companion. She made no attempt to discipline her love for him. He was tired of her by the time the season finished in Naples, and she went to Turin for an engagement with the celebrated Cesare Rossi Company.

She was not a success in Turin, where audiences looked on her as an "ugly young frump," and she soon learned, also, that she was to have a child.

She continued acting as long as she could, and then took refuge with a kindly peasant family until her son was born. He died a few days later, and Eleonora herself carried the coffin to the cemetery. For a few years she carried in her pocket-book the leaves of a tree which grew near the grave, but they eventually crumbled to dust.

She became leading lady in the Rossi Company, but audiences became smaller and smaller. She became apathetic in her acting, she was not in good health, and Cesare Rossi began to pester her with personal advances.

In the company was a sincere, honest fellow, 32-year-old Teobaldo Checchi, who respected and loved her. They were married in 1881, and Rossi immediately got over his passion and became their best friend.

At this time, when Eleonora played a number of mediocre Italian plays and bad French translations to half-empty houses at the Carignano Theatre, Turin, she became so discouraged that she had almost decided to leave the stage when the great Sarah Bernhardt arrived with a French company for a season.

Bernhardt played to packed houses, and the Duse followed each performance with intense interest. After Sarah's departure she defied the company manager's protest and played "The Princess of Bagdad," a Dumas play which had been based off the stage in Paris.

It was a triumph. The Turin audience cheered her wildly after their months of indifference, and she began her glorious march to fame. From then on she was continually in the limelight, and very soon after appeared in Rome.

She followed up "The Princess" by playing "Claude's Wife," another Dumas play which had not been a success. Again she was a triumph. She always tried to do plays which had been failures, and she invariably made them hits.

Life was flowing for her. She had a daughter to her husband. Her success grew with every performance.

She did all she could to increase her culture. She read avidly and studied French until she spoke it without an accent. In every city and town she visited she studied the museums, art galleries, and libraries.

The break with her husband came when she began an affair with her handsome leading man, Flavio Ando, when the Cesare Rossi Company was touring South America, in 1885.

She had then been married four years. At the end of the tour her husband remained in Buenos Aires, joined the Argentine Consular Service and served in England in an obscure, lonely job for years. He was then given an important consular post in Lisbon, where he died. He left his savings to Duse and their daughter.

The affair with Flavio Ando eventually ended and a few years later Eleonora met composer Arrigo Boito. He was her lover for a while and her lifelong friend.

Continued on page 24

Dr. KINSEY AGAIN

MODERN women are no more sinful than their grandmamas, declares Dr. Alfred Kinsey.

Dr. Kinsey, America's No. 1 sex expert, who wrote a best-seller on men's sexual habits, says this in his report of a survey of women's behaviour.

His report, to be called Sexual Behaviour in the Human Female, will be published late this year.

It will offer evidence that women are no more frustrated, neurotic, sinful, criminal, or immoral than they were 40 years ago.

As the cause of crime, general neuroses, and unhappy marriages, sex is only one of about 20 contributing factors, all equally important, Kinsey points out.

The new Kinsey report is previewed in February A.M., now on sale.

It is important reading for all married couples and students of social problems.

A.M. is the magazine for men and women. Price 1/-.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *By GUS*



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INTERESTING PICTURE of the Earl and Countess of Harewood at the Society of Yorkshiremen's jubilee dinner at the Dorchester, London. The Countess, who wore a black taffeta dress with a white broderie anglaise collar, cut the pink-and-white cake, which was decorated with fifty candles.



LAW GRADUATES. Frances Oakey, of Lindfield, and Maxwell Newton, of Greenwich, who announced their engagement during final examinations, received their Bachelor of Law degrees together at graduation ceremony at University of Sydney.



LEAVING St. John's, Toorak, Melbourne, after their wedding, Ross Shelmerdine and his lovely bride, formerly Marigold Myer. Bride wears beautiful string of pearls with her pearl-embroidered satin gown, and pearls outline each flower in bouquet of cream roses.



COCKTAIL PARTY. Lady Masson chats with Mr. Gillie Kryger at cocktail party on board Taiyuan, the new motor vessel of the China Navigation Company, Ltd. More than 200 guests were entertained.

Intimate Jottings

QUIET wedding with only thirty-five guests for Patricia Stratton and Ken Kidman when they marry at Cootamundra Church of England.

Bride and her parents, the Des Strattons, and Ken and his mother, Mrs. Sydney Kidman, all arrive back in Orcades just a few weeks ago, so there is no time to plan large wedding.

Pat tells me lovely wedding gown of off-white crepe heavily beaded with crystal was purchased in London before they left England, as, although engagement was not announced until Orcades arrived in Australia, couple were unofficially engaged for eight months while they were abroad. They first met going to England in Orontes.

Heirloom Honiton lace veil belonging to the bridegroom's family was loaned to Pat for the wedding. It has been worn by sixteen brides in the one family.

Judith Killon, of Meribee, Barellan, was bridesmaid, and Pat's cousin, Kerrie Cohen, was flower-girl. Bride's brother John was best-man.

Reception was held after ceremony at the Strattons' home in Cootamundra, and Ken's mother, his sister, Mrs. Colin Thomas, and his brother, Bob, were present from South Australia for the wedding. Pat and Ken will make their future home at Limestone Ridge, Naracoorte, South Australia.

• • •

MORE interstate interest in wedding this Saturday of Johanna Forbes and Bill Forster, when they marry at Church of the Epiphany, Crafers, Adelaide. Bridesmaids are Ann Reid, who goes to Adelaide with her parents, Colonel and Mrs. Clive Reid, of Sydney; Penelope Fox, Margie Blackburn, and Johanna's sister, Alexandra. Other attendants are Jim and David Forbes, and Dick Colley. Johanna's parents, Brigadier and Mrs. A. M. Forbes, who lived in Sydney for some years, receive 150 guests at their home, "Cairnsmore," Mount Lofty. Relatives and friends come from Melbourne, Sydney, and Perth. Couple will honeymoon at Whale Beach, and make their home in North Adelaide. Bill is son of Mr. and Mrs. Barton Forster, of Woollahra.

• • •

DELIGHTFUL luncheon at "Rosemont" hostessed by Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones for Lady Ellis, Mrs. Swinden, of London, who has made the Australia her headquarters in Sydney, Betty Swinden, sisters Mrs. Eric Nelson, of New Zealand, and Mrs. Ernest Burton, of Boston, Mrs. W. F. L. Owen, and Mrs. Philip Keen. Hostess just back from Melbourne with husband and son Charles. She made trip by car, breaking journey at their country home, "Summer Lees," Sutton Forest.

• • •

HOLIDAY at Wentworth Falls for Betty Waters, of Wollstonecraft, who has been staying with school friend, Mrs. Jack Wharton, of Point Piper, at her home, Tanglewood. Betty returns home after Anniversary week-end.

• • •

ENJOYABLE trip through France to the Riviera and on to Italy for Helen Grist, daughter of the F. E. Grists, of Wahroonga, who has interesting job in the N.S.W. Agent-General's Office in London. Helen, who has been in England now for two and a half years, says she plans to see more of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and possibly Switzerland, before returning to Australia.



PARIS MODEL, close-fitting white feather hat set off with upstanding white feather, worn by Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones, snapped with Lady Gullett at luncheon party Mrs. Clive Steele gives for Mrs. Lloyd Jones during her recent visit to Melbourne.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Hubert Eccleston and his bride, formerly Joan McCabe, leave St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Rose Bay. Joan is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. McCabe, of Arncliffe. Hubert is elder son of Mrs. Eccleston, of Cottage Creek, Cooma, and the late Mr. C. H. Eccleston.



SIGNING THE REGISTER. Mrs. Roger Davidson signs register at St. Paul's Church, Burwood, after her marriage to Dr. Roger Davidson, while Rev. G. A. Sanders looks on. Bride, formerly Helen Hinchcliff, only daughter of Mrs. D. Hinchcliff, of Burwood, and of the late Mr. A. C. Hinchcliff.



AUSTRALIA DAY REGATTA. Deirdre Aspinall and Ken Shoebridge were one of many twosomes who sailed V.J.'s in the Australia Day Regatta on the harbor.

FAMILY christening robe worn over one-hundred-and-twenty-year-old heirloom petticoat by Charlotte Millington Bowman when her parents, Clive and Joy Bowman, of Balmoral, Muswellbrook, have her christened at St. Michael's.

Baby, who was born on Christmas Day, is first child. Joy, who before marriage was Joy Prentice, daughter of the Rev. A. B. Prentice and Mrs. Prentice, of The Rock, near Wagga, asked her father to perform ceremony at St. Michael's as he had married her and Clive there.

• • •

EXCITING night for June Clyde's schoolboy son T when he is allowed up for midnight supper party to celebrate June's first night in play "Dream Girl," at the Minerva Theatre. June invites friends to drop in at her Rose Bay flat after the show.

• • •

NOTICE Peter Clark celebrating graduation in dentistry after receiving diploma at ceremony at Sydney University, with his mother, Mrs. V. Clark. They dine in town and go on to "Oklahoma!"

• • •

CAUGHT up in whirl of farewell parties are Mr. and Mrs. C. Hunter Howard, of Maitland. Mr. Howard, who is manager of the Union Bank, has been transferred to the Grafton branch, and couple leave Maitland for their future home. Mr. Howard has been associated with fourteen different organisations, and Mrs. Howard has been vice-president of the C.W.A. for many years. Couple have made their home in Maitland for the past nine years.

Joyce

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Everybody's saying it . . .



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Why we get . . . SO TIRED

By MURRAY CAMPBELL

If there's one thing thousands of people would like to know, it's why they sometimes get so unexplainably tired—and what they can do about it.

And if there is anyone who would like to be able to give a nice clean-cut answer to that, it is every doctor and psychiatrist. These busy (and often tired) men spend a third of their working day trying to help people who aren't sick or in pain—but just tired.

"I CAN close my eyes and hear about a third of my patients," a noted psychiatrist told this writer. "'Doctor, I'm not ill. I don't hurt anywhere. I haven't any emotional problems. I'm just tired all over.' This often comes from people who have not been doing much work either. Irrational, isn't it? But then fatigue can be the most irrational, illusory, and evasive sensation anyone can have."

As an example he cited a fatigue-pattern with which all of us are familiar in one form or another. Mr. X, a businessman, has not had a particularly busy day. Yet somehow, come five o'clock, he suddenly feels so sodden with weariness that he can barely get to the lift. Then halfway down the hall a colleague presents him with two seats for this evening's performance of a play. Exit, as if by magic, all weariness.

Perhaps half a dozen or so times within your lifetime the basic and surefire solution to the mystery of fatigue has seemed at hand. These times could probably be described as a series of eras with such names as Low Blood Pressure, Focal Infection, Glandular Malfunction, Vitamin Deficiency, Faulty Elimination, and Overwork.

Each of these eras has probably produced its modest share of "cures." And each has undoubtedly produced its millions who still get unexplainably tired as dogs—and who will probably go on getting unexplainably tired as dogs until they discover and learn how to make personal use of the few ground rules that science has caught human fatigue obeying.

Two of the ten rules follow common, everyday logic, so let's start with them. Here is the first:

1—A certain amount of fatigue is perfectly normal in any worthwhile human life.

This, of course, refers to the tiredness that comes at the close of an honest day's work. Spend a day shovelling coal or tending babies or selling ladies' wear and you have a right to feel tired.

This "earned" fatigue has, by the way, a first cousin which is also completely rational. Suppose you're doing your coal shovelling in a cellar that's inhumanly hot or peddling your ladies' wear with the store bore cackling into your ear. You'll probably be tired before you've tossed many shovelfuls or rung up many sales.

If you never experience these "earned" or "alarm" brands of fatigue, you can be pretty sure of one of two things: Either (a) you aren't doing much work in this world, or (b) you are working under conditions fantastically free of the upsetting sights, sounds, surroundings, and people with which most of us have to put up.

If you do experience these two legitimate types of weariness and they don't dissolve with a night's rest or with correction of working conditions, something is wrong. But first let's look into rule 2, which contains the one other known source of "legitimate" fatigue:

2—About 20 per cent. of fatigue not connected with actual work comes from physical illness, overt or hidden.

This percentage seems unflatteringly low, but doctors have pretty much accepted it as par for the course since the announcement of the important investigations of Dr. Frank N. Allan, of the Lahey Clinic, Boston, who reported on the cases of 300 men and women who came to the clinic complaining of chronic weakness and tiredness.

Sixty of them, Dr. Allan discovered, really did have physical ailments that could cause weakness and tiredness. But there were two striking things about these physical ailments. One was their diversity—there were *24 different illnesses* divided among 60 people.

But even more striking was this sentence in Dr. Allan's report: *"Certain conditions such as vitamin deficiencies and endocrine disorders, considered common causes of weakness by both the public and the medical profession, actually were rare (one case and four cases respectively), and not a single case of weakness due to liver trouble, 'poor elimination' or low blood pressure was encountered."*

In short, no matter how "sick" chronic weakness and fatigue may make you feel, the chances are about one in five that you are ill.

If you feel chronically and unexplainably tired, look first for a physical reason. Have a physical check-up with your doctor. It may solve your whole problem.

We move now into another category. Dr. Allan found the remaining 240 of his 300 tired people were "suffering from what might be termed 'benign nervousness.'"

And so we come to the third rule:

3—About 80 per cent. of fatigue not earned by work or caused by illness is "psychological."

You can take that or leave it, but the more closely you examine the fantastic ground rules governing fatigue in this "psychological" category and the more candidly you observe your own fatigue as it responds to these antic rules, the more likely you are to take it—and leave most of your fatigue. Here goes:

4—We almost never get tired doing things we enjoy doing.

This is true regardless of how much effort we put into doing them. People who like to dance till dawn, for instance, don't get tired dancing till dawn. Practically everyone has some hobby or other activity at which he can spend hours happily oblivious of time, effort, or weariness.

This activity may, if you're especially lucky, be the workaday job at which you earn your living.

Or the liked activity may be something completely senseless, something which would have most of us moaning with weariness in a few hours.

On the other hand:

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Ten rules suggest causes and cures



SHE'S TIRED, she's always tired. Her trouble may be physical—but it's more likely to be psychological.

Overwork only a symptom

5—We almost always get tired doing things we really don't like to do or which we consciously or unconsciously resent having to do.

More and more psychiatrists are coming to think that right there is the crux of the fatigue problem for a great many of us. Dr. Wendell Muncie, a Johns Hopkins psychiatrist who treats many tired people, has summed it up tersely, "It's not so much that people get *tired*. They get tired of something." And that something, as you can see by a candid look at your own life, is some activity you dislike or resent.

Let's be frank about it. There are people who resent their children and having to feed and tend them. There are people who resent having to work for a living. There are people who resent being married, or having to play bridge when they'd rather read.

It would be a saint indeed who did not sometimes resent some or all of these things. There are people who live in a perpetual stew of resentment about them—and they are almost always chronically tired.

Why should a resented task cause more fatigue than one we enjoy? We don't have to be psychologists to be aware that negative, unproductive emotions—resentment, anger, jealousy, rage, and so on—are wearing and tiring. Furthermore, being "tired" is our favorite way of excusing ourselves from doing things that we don't want to do. Incidentally, when such "tiredness" fails to get us out of the unwanted task or pastime, it still serves as a nice martyr's crown.

Industrial psychologists feel that much of the fatigue felt in business and industry arises from job discontent. Two sources of such discontent—and this can be vehement enough to amount to resentment or even revulsion—are especially common.

One is where we feel that our job is so far beneath our capabilities or deserts that we find it a contemptible and boring part of our lives. The other is where the job is so far beyond our capabilities that it requires us to overstrain ourselves.

That brings up the next rule governing fatigue:

6—There is probably no such thing as "occupational fatigue."

The reasoning here is that if an occupation were in itself fatiguing, everyone in it would be worn out.

Actually, all the word "occupational" means is *where* the fatigue occurred, not *why*. And the *why* often proves to be that the person detests his occupation.

That leads us to Rule 7 and one of the most insidiously productive sources of human fatigue:

7—The burden of internal emotional conflicts added to the chores of daily existence can cause anything from mild chronic weariness to utter and hopeless fatigue.

Though most of us harbor these internal conflicts, fortunately they are usually not of a violent nature. Don't you ever debate inside yourself whether you want to become a "big shot" in your business or just go on carring a spear in the *shmo*? Don't you ever wonder whether you should continue to live in the city or move to the country? Aren't you ever torn between whether or not to give some interfering in-laws their walking papers?

Everyone has such unsettled problems in one form or another. Many of us take them emotionally and spend part of our working or resting hours stewing about them. And is it not surprising that this finally expresses itself in fatigue?

Such fatigue often, though not necessarily always, comes on while we are doing unwanted tasks. However:

8—We don't have to work at an unwanted task to be fatigued by it. Contemplating it is often enough.

What housewife has not, on occasion, felt her legs start to wobble as she approached a sinkful of last night's unwashed dishes?

Now about mankind's favorite explanation of weariness. Unfortunately:

9—Of all the "reasons" we give ourselves and others for chronic fatigue, "overwork" is probably the most dubious.

The suspicion among medical people nowadays is that "overwork" rather than being a *cause* of chronic fatigue (with or without nervous breakdown) is actually a *symptom*. We all know people who, as they grow more and more tired and "nervous," drive themselves more and more to outlandish amounts of unproductive "work."

A lot of office lights are burned late at night for this reason. A lot of floors get polished day after day, although they don't need it.

In brief, most "overwork" comes of a need to find relief from tension, to stall off neurotic conflicts or to look like a hero or martyr. If the victim tires or breaks in the process, we may be sure it was his unhealthy need that floored him.

We come now to the tenth and last ground rule that human fatigue has been found to follow:

10—Some chronic fatigue may be caused by hypoglycemia.

Hypoglycemia is a defect in the blood-sugar mechanism. When one is suffering from it, not enough sugar gets into the blood in a steady enough flow to be always on hand as fuel. An even supply is specially important because blood sugar is the only fuel acceptable to the brain.

Please note though that our rule says that hypoglycemia *may* cause *some* fatigue. That is as far as the men who have been studying the affliction are willing to go yet.

Treatment consists of medical management, psychiatric interviews, and a diet low in table sugar and rich in complex carbohydrates.

What's useful to most of us is that we can attack our chronic fatigue with the same diet that helps defeat the chronic weariness of hypoglycemia sufferers. This means forgetting about a "balanced diet" and eating vast and concentrated quantities of such foods as potatoes, cereals, bread, milk, beef, pork, bacon, ham, eggs, and cheese. Such foods take their time digesting and send their sugars into the blood steadily and over a period of hours.

Dr. Mack Lipkin, a physician at New York's Mount Sinai Hospital who treats fatigue cases, has his patients eat such foods two or three times a day and take milk and biscuits between meals too.

You may find, by the way, that while this diet rids you of chronic tiredness, it still leaves you stuck with the emotional problems that were mixed in with it. If so, you'd be *smart* to get to work on them.

The next time you get ambushed by "that tired feeling," you might ask yourself which of its illogical antics it's probably up to now—and lay a commonsense counter-ambush or two of your own.

And if your tiredness is habitual and no physical cause explains it, you might even want to take a challenging look into your whole life pattern. Are you in the right line of work? Do you pace your output of effort in a sensible manner? Do you permit yourself enough rest and fun? Do you get enough physical exercise? Activities like golf, tennis, swimming, and so on help discharge fatigue products from the body. Above all, do you take the irritations and boredoms to be found in *any* job, *any* life, *any* human relationship in a mature stride?

That is a simple and unsophisticated approach—and don't be surprised if it works.



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Famous RADIO STAR AND AUCTIONEER

JACK DAVEY

says: "Horlicks takes the Jack Pot for flavour and nourishment!"

"What am I offered?"



When Jack Davey steps onto his auctioneering rostrum at eleven in the morning he doesn't come down again until four in the afternoon! And that happens every Thursday and Friday at "Hi Ho House", Sydney. In that time he will sell anything from a fork to a fox fur — nonstop! "Yes," says Jack, "I've got to keep going flat out for five solid hours— that's why I always have a glass of Horlicks before I start."

Radio Star, auctioneer, newspaper columnist, song writer . . . where *does* he get all that bubbling energy? Listen to Jack Davey himself: "I've been a Horlicks regular for many years. Horlicks has always kept me going at the top of my form."

Just like Jack Davey you'll enjoy the delicious, distinctive flavour of Horlicks. And, like Jack, you'll find that Horlicks will give you extra energy.

The full, satisfying flavour of Horlicks comes from a careful blend of fresh, full-cream milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat. It is nature's flavour . . . that's why you never tire of it.

Many people drink Horlicks simply because they enjoy that distinctive flavour. Others drink Horlicks because they need it to build them up . . . to nourish the body and nerves and to induce deep, refreshing sleep. But — whatever the reason — everyone enjoys Horlicks. It is equally delicious hot or cold.

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8ME9

For Richer, Too

Continued from page 4

WHEN Norma wakened on Monday morning Cyril had left with her father for the city and, she hoped, to contact Jocelyn. She was glad she had been spared a farewell to Cyril. With his big, handsome sapphire he had gone out of her life.

In shorts and shirt she went to the boathouse after breakfast to bail out the boat. Also to escape her mother's wisdom.

Mrs. Gosnell was taking the Right Attitude. Not a word of criticism, nor a mention of the farmer. What she said was that wealth was a great responsibility. That is was not easy to administer the duties of a large fortune, and that only a person of intelligence could do it.

The lake was quiet with Monday four-o'clock-in-the-afternoon stillness when the utility arrived. If her mother had been asleep she was a wonder because she was at the back door almost as promptly as Norma herself.

"Mr. Matthews," cried her mother. None of Norma's friends was ever called mister by her mother. "Norma has been telling us about you!"

In a becoming blue linen dress Norma hovered nearby. Her mother was at her gayest and most cordial. The peas were really wonderful, such fat little pods, quite as superior as the berries. And then she invited Don to dinner.

He had to look at Norma before he answered and they became lost in one another's eyes until Mrs. Gosnell's bright laugh recalled them.

"Oh," said Don, with a bemused smile, "thank you very much. Wednesday would be fine."

With things this way they could easily wait until Wednesday. The utility went roaring away and Norma threw her arms around her mother.

"I don't think I ever appreciated you," she cried. "All the rest of my life I'll make it up to you."

There were two days to be lived through, but at last it was Wednesday.

It was five-thirty when her father's car rolled into the drive. In the front seat beside her father sat Cyril.

"Cyril, darling," Norma cried with honest pleasure, not caring why he was here. Everyone was welcome.

"Fallen down any more wells?" he asked, and laughed nastily as he brushed past her. Mrs. Gosnell was not surprised to see Cyril. Mr. Gosnell tried, excitedly, to explain how he had almost passed Cyril at the bus stop, received a look from his wife, blinked and subsided.

When she heard the utility a little later, Norma ran to meet it.

Together they walked up to the cottage, and inside. Don Matthews saw nothing peculiar in the overwhelming cordiality with which he was greeted. Norma did. She smouldered, and sat close beside him for all to see.

They talked. Innocently Don sipped his drink and said to Mr. Gosnell, "First rate, sir. I've never tasted better." With a sarcastic laugh, quite foreign to him, her father said dryly, "Thank you. People seem to like them."

"I don't care," said Norma to herself as they went in to dinner, "what his table manners are like. And if anyone," she assured herself fiercely, "so much as smiles—"

But Don Matthews' manners were not a matter for amusement. Somewhere he had learned what he needed to know. And he answered their questions readily about the farm, about what he planned to do eventually on the Ramsay place.

"I get quite a kick," he said, "out of making a profit on my strawberries. A small one, but not bad for the first year."

"So now you're all set," said Cyril. "It makes you practically solvent, doesn't it?"

Norma looked quickly at him, saw his cool, hard stare on Don and turned to look at Don. Her heart sank. Cyril knew something, and Don was wondering how much he knew.

Having said this much Cyril went on eating. He had fired the first shot and plainly was going to wait until dinner was over. Then he would tell all. You could depend on him to tell all.

The orange meringue had been pronounced perfect and eaten to the last spoonful. "Coffee on the verandah," said Mrs. Gosnell grandly.

Then she looked at Don in some resentment. He had picked up the heavy coffee tray from the side table and was waiting for them to precede him. Norma smiled reassuringly at him and followed the others. Don came out and put the tray on a small coffee table.

Lighting a casual cigarette, blowing a thin stream of smoke, Cyril said, "You did that well, Matthews. Almost as though you had been taught by an expert."

"Well," said Don, "I suppose I was."

"All you had to do," said Cyril, "was watch Riggs, wasn't it?"

"Riggs," said Don to Norma, "was the fat one with the straw hat."

"Riggs," said Cyril positively, "is the Matthews' butler."

"I do hope," said Mrs. Gosnell, sitting down behind the coffee table, "that this is strong enough. Butler? Whose butler?"

"And the other two," said Cyril to Norma, "in case you're interested, were the Matthews' chauffeur and gardener. Under-gardener I should say. The head gardener could hardly be expected to leave the Matthews' specimen roses for garden peas."

NORMA handed Don a cup. "Do you take sugar?" she asked.

"No sugar," said Don, and touched her hand before taking it.

"Quite an act he put on," said Cyril. "About a man finding a job he liked and then making a go of it—on his own."

"I'm on my own," said Don, sipping his coffee. "Completely."

"And it was a nice break for him," Cyril's voice was louder, "to have a whole embassy staff to call on in a pinch. Anyone can pick peas. What he would have done if his family hadn't been over in South America so he could use the staff—but they'll be going to South America, too. Anthony T. Matthews, who is to be out next ambassador to one of those countries over there, is none other than our friend's father here——"

Suddenly he turned indignantly to Norma. "You're not listening. You haven't heard a word I said."

"Oh, yes I have, Cyril. You were talking about money. But you're always talking about money."

"Yes—and this man's family could buy and sell mine—they've had it since the year one and you hate money."

"Oh, no," said Norma. "I don't hate it. I just don't think it makes any difference." She smiled at Don. "One way or the other."

Cyril clapped a hand to his harrassed forehead. "She's been refusing me because—"

"This breeze from the lake," said Mrs. Gosnell rising. "I think I'll take my coffee inside."

"Perhaps," said Cyril, "someone would be good enough to drive me to the bus stop."

"You bet," said Mr. Gosnell promptly. He stood up and put his cup on the table.

They went in. Behind them the cane lounge creaked sharply once. The rest was silent.

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HAZEL



"That's a bad one of me, only six then. That's my sister, there's the girl next door, Bea, and that's her dog Trixie I was telling you about. That's her father; you can't see his face, just his hand . . ."

BUTCH



"I know you hate to quit while you're ahead, Butch, but . . ."

It seems to me . . .



By Dorothy Drain

WOMEN are supposed to love buying clothes, but some branches of buying aren't a bit entertaining.

With seasonal stocks opening earlier and earlier, you need, if you want any choice, to buy a winter suit or a coat in February.

It is practically impossible to be enthusiastic about a heavy and expensive covering of tweed when the temperature is up to its usual February tricks. It is also extremely difficult to tell, without making severe demands on the imagination, whether a suit will be warm enough for July.

The retail trade might consider installing refrigerated rooms for this purpose. Temperatures could be adjustable to June, July, and August averages. For added realism a wind machine could direct occasional icy blasts.

It might be necessary to ask customers to sign a document absolving the store from liability if pneumonia were contracted or to display a notice "Enter at your own risk."

* * *

MEN, being accustomed to clothes that are too hot, probably don't find their suit buying as arduous as women, but they have their problems too.

There's a line being advertised called — starkly — "Stouts," a word that would hardly be acceptable in women's advertising to-day.

At one time "stylish stout" was used for large sizes in women's clothing, but the first word didn't mitigate the unattractiveness of the second, and the term was dropped.

However, men are not as insensitive as you might think. The advertisement of "Stouts" says that they are for "heavy-built men," a flattering line that avoids any suggestion of fatness, and has a pleasing echo of "heavyweight" as in boxing.

* * *

IN an overseas fashion magazine I've been reading an account of life at Punta dele Este, Uruguay's most fashionable resort.

Residents appear on the beach at noon, drink cocktails between one and three, lunch from three to five, play sports in the late afternoon, followed by tea and a siesta, take dinner between ten-midnight, and dance till the small hours.

So plebeian of me, but when do they do the washing up?

* * *

A PRIZE for making life more complex should go to Mr. O. P. Johnson, the Canadian business man who has succeeded in breeding hens that lay colored eggs.

By cross-breeding poultry from Indian tribes of Chile and Dutch with Canadian stock he has succeeded in producing chocolate, green, khaki, grey, and olive colored eggs.

Grocers who find customers' desire for brown eggs trying will be entirely distracted if eggs come in rainbow colors. A hostess with that passion for detail which is said to distinguish the best hostesses will be able to serve eggs to match the breakfast china, cloths, or color of the guest rooms.

The old-fashioned white egg will be relegated to scrambling and custards, and for drowning at political meetings. For that matter colored eggs—red and blue to denote parties, and yellow or green to denote candidates' characteristics—would add a touch of subtlety otherwise lacking in the use of eggs as missiles.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY falls next Tuesday. The custom of sending Valentines has been revived in recent years.

Visiting Americans helped this revival, though the day, like Mother's Day and Father's Day, has been a sitting shot for commercial exploitation.

Nevertheless the commercial exploiters have as ready a market as ever, judging by the cards bought by teenagers. One 16-year-old girl, buying her supply, told me that nowadays girls usually sent cards anonymously, boys signed them.

"Boys are gamer," she explained.

In Victorian times it was customary for the male senders of Valentines to do so anonymously, a coy verse sometimes giving a clue to the sender. This was charming, but one can see that it would hardly be practical to-day.

In a more sheltered era a young lady, moving in a chaperoned and limited circle, probably counted the young men of her acquaintance on one hand, or two at the most.

To-day an attractive girl who gets around might find that guessing the sender's identity was an insoluble puzzle.

* * *

THE craze for giving titles to people for beauty, talent, or dressing seems to extend daily.

In an American tomato-growing district recently, a local beauty was titled "Tomato of the Year," while the American Medical Association soberly named an 84-year-old physician "Family Doctor of the Year."

One can't imagine the B.M.A. making such an announcement.

The passion for such titles seems greater in America than in the British Commonwealth. It is possible that in a republic where knighthoods are regarded as relics of a feudal system man's desire for labels of honor has to find some new expression.

* * *

INSTALLATION of a television system in the White House by which President Truman can see everyone he talks to on the house phone will doubtless inspire business magnates to copy.

Those who have long suspected that when they put calls through the polite answers concealed derisive expressions, eyes thrown to heaven, and asides with the mouthpiece covered may enjoy having this all-seeing eye.

They had better think twice. Much time will be wasted if every woman who answers a phone pauses to renew her lipstick before she lifts the receiver.

* * *

WHEN oysters are forced open to remove culture pearls, about 60 per cent. are killed. A new method is being tried — dipping the oysters in anaesthetic which sends them to sleep and relaxes their muscles, so that they stay alive.

Although the little oyster is
A creature far from boisterous,
If he's disturbed when he is dozin',
Like you and me he sticks his toes in,
And shows resistance to aggression
Directed at his pet possession,
Unless you make him apathetic
By giving him an anaesthetic.

"Your hair can be lovelier than ever before"

says beautiful fashion model VALMAI HOY





Miss Valmai Hoy, beautiful Sydney fashion model, knows the secret of soft, lovely "easy-to-manage" hair. She uses and recommends Napro Hair Vitalizer.

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Your hairdresser knows the value of Napro Hair Vitalizer, and uses it in salon treatments. And you, too, in your own home, can have this famous reconditioning treatment that leaves hair looking lustrous, feeling soft and silken smooth.

Reforms "problem" hair

Napro's rich, penetrating oils soften each tiny strand of hair, soothe away dry brittleness, banish loose dandruff. Try Napro Hair Vitalizer . . . and be thrilled by the new *glamorous vitality* of your tresses.

Napro HAIR VITALIZER

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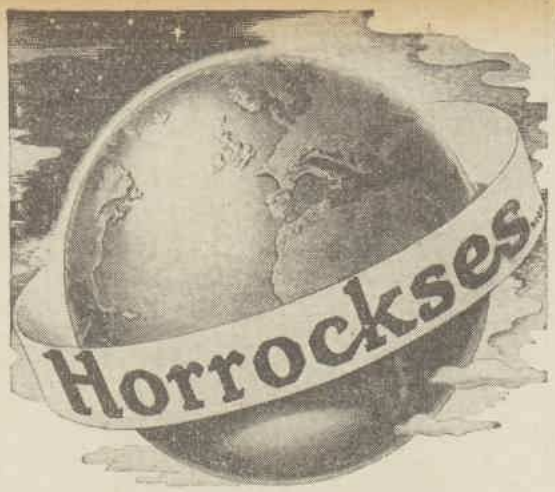
Going my way?



"I'll let you in on a secret, chaps. Girls admire well-groomed hair even out-of-doors . . . that's why you should use Napro Hair Vitalizer for Men." Yes, for outdoor sportsmen, Napro Vitalizer is the perfect hair dressing. It keeps hair well groomed without "plastering" —and protects it from sun and surf . . . removes dandruff . . . keeps both hair and scalp healthy. Get a tube to-day!



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an Australian Women's Weekly publication, at all newsagents and bookstalls



ELEONORA DUSE . . .

Continued from page 18

ELEONORA had inherited the tendency to the lung disease from which her mother had died and her years of hunger had damaged her health. When she was 25 she had a haemorrhage and was not expected to live. Throughout her life she had to guard against recurrent attacks.

Although she spoke only Italian and French, she enthralled audiences all over Europe and in England and America. She was at the height of her fame and 40 years old when she met Gabriele d'Annunzio, then becoming famous in Italy for a series of poems and novels which were confessions about himself.

She immediately fell in love with the handsome, dissipated man, and refused to listen to stories about the women he had deserted, his debts, and selfish follies.

The man whose motto was "to advance, ever advance; to go always higher" used her to produce his plays. The first d'Annunzio play she staged was a failure. Irritated by this, Duse determined to show her faith in the poet by dedicating herself almost exclusively to his works, many of which were failures.

Perhaps the grandest triumph of her career was the first performance of his play "Francesca di Rimini" in 1902. It was written on the turn of the century in the hills of Florence, while he was living in a villa across the road from the Villa Porziuncola, the cottage which Duse redecorated and lived in for a while.

It was here, also, that d'Annunzio wrote his novel "The Fire," which told the world in almost intimate detail the story of their affair.

It has been said that the Duse appealed to his chivalry, his honor, and his love for her in her efforts to stop him from publishing the novel, but he needed money, and when it appeared she made no public comment.

It was translated into several languages and brought d'Annunzio literary fame and money, but people who bought and read the book detested him for his unmanliness. It painted the Duse as a lascivious old woman striving with fading charms to keep her young lover.

When her manager begged her not to allow the book to be published, she replied: "All my sufferings count for nothing when it is a question of adding one more masterpiece to Italian literature. And then—I am 40 years old and in love."

Her friends thought the book would "cure" her of her infatuation, but she remained faithful to him. She toured Italy and other countries playing his dramas to audiences who had read all about her love for him.

When she staged his plays, he would not allow her to interpret her own part, as she had always done, but made her submit her art to his will, with the result that her performances were not always good.

She gave her money, her art, and her strength to him. She aged rapidly, she lost the faithful manager who had served her for years, and, finally, d'Annunzio walked out of her life without a thought for her.

She returned to her old plays and won fresh honors in the theatre, but she had now heart trouble as well as lung disease, and in 1909 she retired. She appeared on the stage intermittently during the next 12 years but finally lack of money forced her to return to it seriously in 1921.

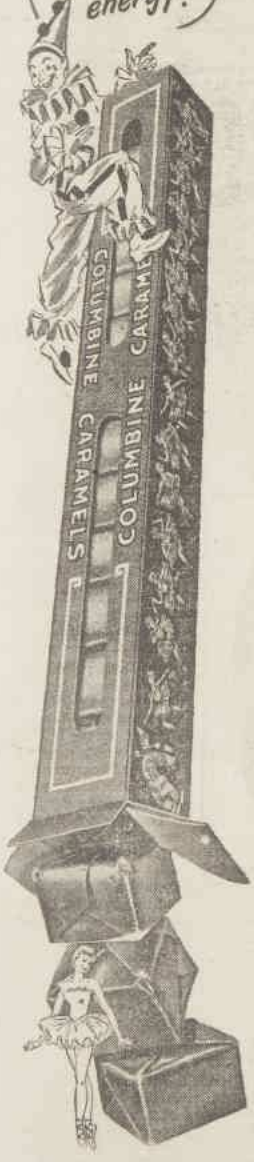
She was ill, but refused a pension from the Mussolini Government, because she preferred independence. She toured Italy, gave six performances in England, and then began an American tour.

She died at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on April 21, 1924. The funeral service was held at the Dominican Church, New York, and a magnificent procession followed her remains to the ship which carried them to Italy.

• *Biographies of Eleonora Duse have been written by E. A. Rheinhardt and Jeanne Bordeux. There is a study of her in "The Modern Woman on the Stage," by L. H. Hanssen.*

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The Luckiest Guy in Town

Continued from page 5

RED was always booked up about six weeks ahead. "Why, no, Lucky," she said, "nothing I can't get out of."

I was watching Edith. She broke a pencil right in halves. I was doing all right, I was doing fine.

I went upstairs to my department and everyone wanted to stop and talk to me about the things I'd won. I was a big man around the store, even the customers wanted to hunt me up and talk to me. It was a little hard getting work done the next few days.

On Friday I got a phone call. My stuff had arrived. I went down to get it at lunch hour, and the bill just about floored me.

"Well," the delivery-man said, "you shouldn't kick. After all, the stuff didn't cost you a thin dime. Where do you want it delivered?"

"Better take it over to the warehouse," I said. "I don't have my apartment yet."

I rode over with it and at the warehouse Mr. Egmont checked it all in. "Going to cost you eighteen iron men a month, Lucky," he said.

"Seems pretty high," I said. "Doesn't take up much space."

"Why, Lucky," he said, "you shouldn't mind a little storage fee. Why, you didn't pay a lead slug for all this stuff."

I left it and went back to the store. After work that night I picked up Daphne Finch and took her down to the Elite for dinner.

"Are you going to show me everything you won later on?" she said.

"Sure thing," I said. "I ought to check up on them once in a while anyway just to make sure they aren't operating that television set on me. For all I know maybe those guys in the warehouse sit up there on my bedroom suite and watch shows on my television."

We went over after dinner and there was nobody round the storage warehouse but a watchman.

"I never heard of such a thing," he said. "Nobody ever comes around here and wants to see what they have in storage. Come around in the daytime."

"I work in the daytime," I said. "It's my stuff and I'm paying for it, and if I don't see it I take it out and store it somewhere else."

He grumbled but finally he let us go up in the freight elevator. He also loaned me a flashlight. The place didn't have any windows and it was as dark as the inside of your hat on the top floor where they had stored my stuff. I shone the flashlight and opened the refrigerator door so Daphne could see inside, and I showed her the bed and all.

"Chippendale," said Daphne. "And a beautiful dressing-table. Oh, you lucky Joe Laney."

There was a bench with the dressing-table and Daphne sat down on it. I shone the flashlight in the mirror and Daphne opened her purse up there in the dark old warehouse and took out her compact and fixed her lips.

I stood behind her with the flashlight, making believe the dressing-table was in our home and I was a married man. Only the picture wasn't quite clear, it just looked like a warehouse. I guess it was a little too much for my imagination and besides I heard a scratching sound which I hoped was Daphne but which was most likely a rat.

Daphne got up and she said, "Oh, Lucky, you'll think it's silly of me, but I was just pretending that was my dressing-table, and well, you know, sort of pretending that you were my husband standing behind me. Isn't that silly?"

She kind of swayed at me and next thing I was kissing her and holding on to her neck with one hand and the other hand holding the flashlight. Then Daphne said, "Lucky, maybe we better go downstairs." And she sighed.

So down we went and came out into the office and I gave the watchman back his flashlight and half a buck for his trouble.

"Well," he said, "you are the first guy I ever heard of who takes his girl up to the top floor of an old warehouse. I guess there is no accounting for tastes."

I took Daphne home and kissed her on her front porch, and went on back to my landlady's. I was kind of mixed up in my mind and I went out to the kitchen and opened the icebox and cut maybe half a pound off my cheese and I sat down in the kitchen.

I was sitting there when my landlady came in. "Lucky," she said, "you are a good boarder and no trouble like some I got, but I wish you would eat up that cheese because it is taking up a lot of room in my icebox."

"Well," I said, "I appreciate your problem. But I wish my problems were as simple as yours. You go ahead and make a cheese-cake or something out of some of that cheese and just help yourself and I won't charge you anything."

She went upstairs and I sat there wishing I had had Edith up in that warehouse instead of Daphne Finch.

The next night I picked up the redhead. Edith came out the front door and walked past us with her nose in the air. We went on down to the Elite and when we were eating berry pie she said, "Lucky, I'm just dying to see all those things you won on the radio."

So there was nothing for me to do but take her over to the warehouse. The watchman's eyes nearly bulged out of his head when we walked in. He looked at me and at the redhead and then without a word he handed me the flashlight.

We went up in the freight elevator and she sat down on the dressing-table bench and she was also nuts about Chippendale. Then she got up and kind of swayed at me and I kissed her like I did Daphne and then we went downstairs again.

I gave the watchman a half dollar and his flashlight and went outside with the redhead. "Well," she said, "some little girl is certainly going to be lucky."

I commenced feeling like a prize in a packet of breakfast-food. I even almost began wishing I had never won that stuff . . .

I had thought it would be fun taking out different girls but it wasn't any fun. I just wanted to take out Edith and I had been better off with Edith before I got on the Vat O' Cheese programme.

I stopped to see her early Monday morning in the store. "Edith," I said, "will you have dinner with me to-night?"

Please turn to page 26



"Well, I see Merton just sold another 'Special Delivery' . . ."

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The Tonic of the Century

Bidomak

"FOR NERVES, BRAIN AND THAT DEPRESSED FEELING"

The Luckiest Guy in Town

Continued from page 25

EDITH looked at me for a long time. "No, Joe," she said, "I don't think so."

"Honey," I said, "I want to talk to you. Let's make up."

She smiled then. She said, "All right, Joe. I'll go out with you."

I went back upstairs and there was a phone call for me from the apartment manager. The tenant was checking out that day and the apartment was mine if I wanted it. Things looked better between Edith and me so I said fine. I arranged to have the prizes moved in from the warehouse.

I collected Edith after work. We went down to the Elite and were getting along all right and then finally I said, "Well, honey, I will take you over after we finish here and show you the loot."

"No, thank you," Edith said.

"Don't you want to see it?" I asked.

"I don't mean to hurt your feelings," Edith said. "But I know all about it." Her voice went up in the air. "I understand you're taking a girl up there every night. I suppose I should be flattered to think that I'm the third girl on the list. I'm afraid I'm not."

"Don't raise your voice," I said. "People are staring. After all, you could have had first crack at it if you'd wanted it."

"Oh!" she said. She was talking even louder. "And wasn't that big of you, Mr. Lucky Laney? How sweet and noble and gracious! Well, no, thank you. You can take every female in town up to that dirty old warehouse, but I wouldn't go for a million dollars."

"It's not in the warehouse," I said.

"I don't care where it is," she said. "Who do you think you are, some king showing off your estate to the local peasants? Oh, you make me sick."

She got up and ran out of the Elite.

I paid the check and went outside. Some people came by and one of them pointed at me.

"See that young fellow?" he said. "That's Lucky Joe Laney."

I didn't feel lucky. I started home and passed Edith's house on the way. There was a car outside. It was Ralph Bender's car. I went on and when I got to my boarding-house my landlady said, "There were two phone calls for you. Both girls. They asked me to have you call them back."

"Fat chance," I said.

I went out to the kitchen and cut a slice off my cheese, not because I wanted it, but I had to get rid of it somehow.

I thought I might be able to forget my troubles momentarily at the ball game, so I drove down to the park. I bought a score card and kept score just to keep my mind off Edith.

The seventh inning came along and the announcer said over the loudspeaker, "The lucky number for to-night is now being posted on the scoreboard. Please check your score card and will the holder of the winning number please report to the main office after the completion of the ball game."

The lucky number was 769843A. I looked at my score card and I almost died. I didn't want the old prizes, the Vat O' Cheese programme had lost me my girl. I started to drop the score card under my seat, but a busybody next to me grabbed it.

"Hey, you dope," he shouted, "you won."

"Mind your own business," I said.

"Hey," he screamed, "you're Lucky Joe Laney. You won again."

Everybody in the place heard him, everybody crowded round to stare at me like I was the dog-faced boy in the circus.

A big fat woman said, "Humph. You'd think a young man as lucky as he is would show a little more gratitude."

I made believe I couldn't hear her. After the game I tried to sneak out a side exit but a crowd of people surrounded me. I had to go to the main office. I won a carton of candy bars, a car wash, five gallons of gasoline, two chicken dinners at a night club, and a permanent wave.

They put it in the paper the next morning. LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE, they said. LUCKY JOE LANEY WINS AGAIN. I went into the store and I could hardly get to my desk, it was so crowded.

"What a guy!" they all said. "What a lucky guy."

"Here," I said. "I don't want this stuff."

I gave away the candy bars, and the slips of paper for the free chicken dinners, the car wash, the gasoline, and the permanent wave.

I gave the slip for the permanent wave to Miss Hoskings in bookkeeping. She was a vinegar-pussed old dame and I thought it would be a nice thing to give her. How was I to know she wore a wig?

I gave the free car wash to some girl and she came round and whined



about it. She asked me why I couldn't have given her the candy bars. So that was a flop.

Just then Mr. Rossman came running out of his office. "What is this, a chowder and marching society?" he shouted.

Everyone left and Mr. Rossman came over to me. "So you were lucky again," he said. "Well, Joseph, I am warning you that if you get any luckier you will be so lucky that we will be forced to dispense with your services. You have caused too much confusion. Take this display down to Miss Gilroy, please."

I started for the elevator feeling lower than ever and a man got off a chair and stopped me.

"Mr. Laney," he said, "I'm from the Internal Revenue Bureau. Have you declared your prize-winnings on your income tax form? Those prizes are taxable, you know."

"Well, that's just lovely," I said. "Thanks so much for coming in."

"No trouble at all," he said.

I began to see red. I got in the elevator and the operator cracked at me, "Hello, you lucky——"

"Don't say it," I said. I held my fist under his nose. I felt like a volcano about to erupt.

On the ground floor I started across towards Edith's department and Ralph Bender was there.

"Well, if it isn't little horseshoes," he said.

I didn't say anything. I didn't dare.

"I've just been wondering," he said. "Oh, it may be on the up and up, but it certainly sounds funny. Or did you win all those things because you have some very nice contacts?"

I hit him under the chin and it was just bad luck he knocked over a showcase. He wasn't hurt, just chilled. Edith stood back of her counter, her fists clenched.

So there I had gone and done it this time. This was where my luck had brought me. I made up my mind.

Ralph Bender was coming to, but he was pretty sluggish. I took the Bermuda tickets out of my wallet and put them in his coat pocket. I dragged him across the floor and leaned him up against Edith's counter.

"Edith," I said, "I made a mess of everything. But I wasn't trying to marry you to make use of the furniture. I just never thought I had much of a chance with you and I had a crazy idea that the prizes might make a difference. It was a stupid way to look at it, I know that now. I hope you and Ralph have a wonderful honeymoon in Bermuda."

I said it, but it was a lie. I was trying to be a good guy, but underneath it all I didn't want to be a good guy. Down in my heart I hoped Ralph Bender would be seasick all the way to Bermuda and back.

I went upstairs to my department and in to see Mr. Rossman.

"I got in some more trouble," I said. "If you haven't heard about it yet, you will. So to save you the trouble of firing me, I will now resign, Mr. Rossman."

I got my hat and left the store and went over to my apartment. It was a three-room apartment and the living-room had nothing in it but the big television set. After a while I dragged the dressing-table bench out of the bedroom and put it in the middle of the living-room. I turned on the television and I couldn't tell you what the programme was. I sat there looking at it without seeing it.

There was a knock on the door finally. I opened it and Edith stood on the threshold.

"May I come in?" she said.

She walked in past me and on through the apartment. She looked at the bedroom suite and then came out in the living-room again.

"It's a lovely bedroom set, Joe," she said. "But if it were mine I'd put the bed against the other wall."

"Yeah," I said. "Look better. If I had any brains I'd have realised it."

"Joe," Edith said, "I came over to tell you that Mr. Rossman expects you back at work to-morrow morning. I told him that you had had some personal troubles but they were settled. You're yourself again, Joe. This morning when you gave those tickets to Bermuda away to Ralph, then you became the Joe Laney I've always known and loved."

It took a moment to sink in. "What?" I said. "Did you say loved?" I jumped and almost hit the ceiling. "Wait here," I shouted and started running for the door.

"Where are you going?" Edith said.

"Where am I going?" I shouted. "I'm going to knock Ralph Bender down again and get those tickets for our honeymoon."

"Oh, Joe," she said. "When I left, Daphne Finch was holding Ralph's head in her lap and looking at the tickets. Let them go. Besides, I think we'd have a better time up on Sourface Mountain in a cabin. I get terribly seasick."

They were running an old movie on the television. The hero and the heroine were in a clinch but they had nothing on us.

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WORTH Reporting

MRS. FLORENCE CARDELL-OLIVER, first woman Cabinet Minister in Australia (she holds the portfolio of Supply and Shipping and that of Health in the Western Australian Parliament), recently visited Melbourne and Sydney to hurry up building material deliveries.

While in Sydney she told us these things about herself: She is the widow of a doctor, and the mother of two grown-up sons. She is the only one of her family to be politically minded. As a Minister she keeps business hours, but frequently works back or takes papers home at night.

Two of the chief problems that will confront Australia in the future, she thinks, are those of sub-normal children and the aged. A balanced economic and social life can only come through more women being elected to Parliament. The portfolio of Supply and Shipping is a woman's rather than a man's job, because it deals with the things that make up home life.

Without previous political experience she stood for Fremantle against the late John Curtin in the 1934 Federal elections, and was defeated by only 1000 votes out of approximately 30000.

She has been M.L.A. for Subiaco since 1936, believes that only women without domestic obligations should enter politics. She lives alone with a housekeeper near Parliament House, entered politics only when she became a widow. Her sons went to Cambridge.

She's had 26 trips abroad, is tall, weighs over 12 stone, drives herself unrelentingly.

Mrs. Cardell-Oliver will contest the Subiaco seat in the Western Australian elections this year. She doesn't consider herself a good public speaker, but thinks that elections are won by good organisation, not oratory.

Offered her her choice after 27 years

SHOPKEEPERS, as a race, have more uncomplimentary than complimentary things said about them. However, an Australian, Mrs. Nona Davis, of Sydney, after 27 years in England, cannot say too much in favor of the Adelaide storekeeper before whose lavish display she stood spellbound on the morning of arrival in her homeland.

She explained that she didn't want to buy anything, but was just looking, having been denied the sight of such abundance for so many years. "Perhaps there's something you'd especially like," suggested the shopkeeper.

"Yes, there is. For my son Peter and his family in England," said Mrs. Davis.

"Select anything you like, and I will send it as a present," offered the understanding shopkeeper. Mrs. Davis did. She selected a ham.



"Well, then, let's pick out a neighborhood movie: Rivoli—'Island Love' and 'Killer Dan'; Strand—'Island Love' and 'Killer Dan'; Majestic—'Island Love' and 'Killer Dan'; Republic—'Island Love' and . . ."



"Now, that's what I call a really beautiful blanket!"

Strangers helped to balance budget

IT'S doubtful if a more versatile lot of young people have banded together anywhere than the dozen or so University students—a group from Sydney University Players—who've been performing a modern comedy in the suburbs.

They're mostly under 20, though there are three ex-servicemen C.R.T.S. students among them.

Student Ray Desmond, originator of the group, is leading man, advertising agent, prop man, and transport officer.

Another C.R.T.S. student, Arthur Porter, who lost a leg during the war, is business manager, does the decor and assists with stage lighting. As well, he prints tickets, draws up booking plans, and makes the posters.

The group has just completed its first venture, and reports specially good support from those between 30 and 50 years of age.

Starting without any capital, each put in a little to cope with unavoidable preliminary expenses. After the first performance they found that what they hadn't budgeted for was storage of scenery and props.

With these stacked upon an old lorry, they hit on the solution of ringing a doorbell at random and asking the surprised householders to let them leave their stuff with them overnight.

Such is the persuasive quality of enthusiastic youth that they did, and found themselves for the first time in their lives actually participating in show business.

As well as taking theatre to the suburbs, the Players give performances at the University, and have plays in rehearsal for Orientation Week.

Experts can frown, the kids love it

WORKING on the assumption (held by many disillusioned givers of expensive gifts) that children enjoy playing with an empty shoebox as much as with an elaborate toy, residents of a London district have made a communal Junk Playground on a bombed site.

Surrounded by a high wire fence, and cleared by voluntary labor, the playground contains nothing but empty oil cans, an old truck engine, sand, bricks, and other odds and ends. There isn't a scientifically designed toy within sight, and the children love it.

While playing there they are practically free of grown-up supervision, though a voluntary adult helper is always on hand in case of tears or quarrels.

The Junk Playground has so successfully filled a need in the lives of the local six-to-thirteen age group that it has won the approval and financial assistance of the district council.

Monkey tricks helped to make a champion

CATS and monkeys have proved strange but useful instructors for champion gymnast Steve Hart, of Melbourne.

Steve holds the Victorian title for the Roman rings championship. Other titles he has collected during the past few years are for horizontal and parallel bar work, vaulting the horse, and balancing feats.

He was for some time holder of the Victorian title for the best all-round gymnast, but lost out on this last year to Stan Davies.

Ever since Steve was a boy he loved to go to the zoo and watch the ease and litheness of the monkeys and the "big cats"—tigers, panthers, and lions.

At home he has plenty of opportunity to study domestic cats, too, for Steve and his mother are both cat-lovers, and there are never fewer than four of the animals prowling around the Hart residence.

Steve claims that we can all learn a lot about conserving energy and the art of perfect relaxation from copying cats. The monkeys, he says, taught him how to swing, somersault, and leap; the cats showed how to quickly and completely relax tensed muscles afterwards.

For some years an instructor at the Y.M.C.A., he spends most of his time now running physical culture classes for boys in Catholic schools.

For the very promising lads he has his own private gym in Richmond, where they receive special tuition. He failed to tell us whether the tuition includes a study of zoology.

* * *

A LITTLE-PUBLICISED section of the R.A.A.F.—Aviation Medicine—has done the hostess a good turn by making it comparatively simple for her to identify any jet men she might be entertaining unawares. Any guest who refuses cucumber, apples, beans, and radishes will almost certainly be carrying out the advice of Aviation Medicine, whose researches into the diet proper to high altitude flyers have led them to ban these items.

Flowers are flighty, mother thinks

NATURE study is made easy for some friends of ours, because for four years a ring-tailed female possum has made a nest outside their upstairs window. She is not only the mother of twins, but, they claim, a weather prophet as well.

Before one winter the possum built a nest almost entirely closed in. Our friends took that as an indication of a bitter winter, and were correct. They kept an eye on the nest, but next time the possum only built a slight roof to the shelter, and the winter was mild.

The male of the twins is lively and mischievous, and the mother has raised the outer edge of her nest so that he cannot fall out.

Already the daughter is being instructed in homemaking. Our friends have seen the possum teaching her how to weave a nest with her paws, using palm fronds.

Once when the mother went away for the afternoon, the daughter made a nest all by herself, adding a canopy of wistaria flowers, under which she lay.

When Mrs. Possum came home there was a scene. First she removed her child from the glamorous nest, then she ripped it to pieces. Next she stood over her errant daughter while she built another nest, this time neat and weather-proof, with no knick-knacks or wistaria.

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READ WHAT THE PLAN DID FOR MISS Y. HOWELL OF WOOLLAHRA

"Skin less coarse-looking in just 14 days!" says Miss Howell, one of the many women of all ages and all skin-types who tried the 14-Day Palmolive Plan under a doctor's supervision. Of the women tested, almost two-thirds won smoother, clearer complexions!

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New Australians enjoyed their Convention



NEW AUSTRALIANS at the Citizenship Convention in their national costumes meet Immigration Minister Mr. Holt (centre): Left to right: Hella Rutel, Estonian; Valeska Stewart, Latvian; Maria Luk Kozika, Polish; Kalyna Fryz, Ukrainian; Elizabeth Bodiczky, Hungarian; Constantin Medvetzky, Polish.



AILITA BLUMANIS, pretty young Latvian who stars in the Department of Information film "No Strangers Here," the story of a migrant family. She plays the role of the daughter, a trainee nurse.

But young film star, Ailita, had to play a Cinderella role

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

Ailita Blumanis, Latvian star of the Department of Information film "No Strangers Here," was not at the preview of the film during Australia's first Citizenship Convention in Canberra.

A few hours before the screening officials learned she was not among the other players because she "did not have a pretty dress to wear."

SO while the film was shown to a distinguished audience a pretty girl was probably crying her eyes out at Cowra Migrants' Camp because she could not be present at what should have been one of the most exciting events of her young life.

During the day delegates to the Convention pooled their ideas on migration problems, and at night migrants displayed their talents on the screen and stage, and in an exhibition of arts and crafts.

The arts and crafts exhibition gave a fair idea of the rare quality of needlework, woodwork, tapestry, basketware, and pottery which should appear on the Australian market as migrants finish their two-year indenture.

Musical talent

HIGHLIGHT of the Convention was the musical festival at the Albert Hall where, despite the squeaky chairs which play a constant accompaniment, migrants showed the musical and dancing talent that is coming to Australia day after day.

From the tiny Scots girls who danced the Highland Fling to the children from the holding centre at Cowra who helped Latvian soprano, Magda Vitans, sing "Waltzing Matilda," the programme was quick moving and bright.

Some of the male artists, who have known success on many European concert platforms, wore dress clothes, while others wore their well-pressed dark lounge suits.

The colorful dancing caught the fancy of the audience because almost every dance mimed a humorous tale.

New Australians were almost overwhelming in their friendship.

When I tried to purchase a beautifully woven work basket from a stall where things were for sale, Polish Mrs. Maria Luk Kozika looked unhappily at the basket and said: "But it is so little and so plain."

Her friend, Irene Gizycki, also from Poland, took a yellow rose from a bowl and pinned it on top of the basket.

Both girls beamed as Maria said: "Now it is nice."

Quaintest costume was worn by Pole Constantin Medvetzky, whose red-and-white beret boasted a tall plumage of peacock feathers.

"Major Kershaw, the director of Bonegilla Camp, gave them to me," said Constantin.

"He is very popular in our camp and he helped us wash our costumes because we were late."

When I admired the beautiful needlework done by Mrs. Etelka Patucsy, she declared modestly, "My needlework is nothing, because it is customs come from one to another, from my grandmother to my mother to me."

Her favorite work is an applique of vivid materials on fine linen cushions.

"The hard pattern I like to do," she said.

One piece of Ukrainian tapestry on exhibition is 150 years old, and Ivan Kranz, a Ukrainian, who works as a statistician in the P.M.G.'s Department in Melbourne, pointed out to me its 65 different samples of work.

The tapestry is painted with natural color from crushed flowers, and Ivan said it represents both European and Oriental culture because of Ukraine's geographical position. The tapestry will soon be given to the Melbourne Museum.

A number of migrant artists displayed their work, including Ukrainian Leonard Denysenko, who exhibited a number of pen sketches of Australian and German scenes.

Leonard, who is 24, has done letter sketching for a Polish film company, and was also a cartoonist on a Polish newspaper before being sent to a political concentration camp.

As soon as he is free to seek work for himself, he plans to take up commercial art, because "I like it so much I can't stay without it."

To a party of children from various migrant camps the Convention was a boisterous holiday. Brought to Canberra for the folk dancing at the musical festival, they had the time of their lives at Canberra Grammar School, where they stayed.

Called to order every now and then for rehearsals, they raced round together, donned their swimsuits for "swims" under the shower, and took a look at Canberra on bus tours.

When delegates returned to their respective communities, they took with them a number of sound ideas.

As Melbourne delegate Vivian Stafford told me: "We are tackling the problem of 'the migrant down our street.'

"The fellow next door, across the road, or two doors down may or may not speak English with an accent. However broken his English, he is our neighbor, and language barriers should not interfere with our friendship."

Most exhilarating speeches at the Convention were made by Mrs. Caroline Kelly, a research fellow of the Department of Anthropology at Sydney University, and John Storey, chairman of the Commonwealth Immigration Planning Council.

John Storey pointed out that some Australians tend to expect too much from adult migrants overnight, and declared that we should let them lead the lives to which they have been accustomed.

"We should regard them as assets in helping to develop the great era of expansion into which Australia is entering," he said.



UKRAINIANS George Gonsalko and former medical student Kalyna Fryz wore national costumes to the Citizenship Convention.



GREEK DANCER Emanuel Gerakiteys adjusts his garter while his two-year-old daughter, Pothity, peeks at the world from the shelter of his leg.

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The Oliviers to be godparents to Anita Finch



PAINTING is relaxation for Peter Finch, who works on study of Soho when time permits between rehearsals of "Pommy," his first West End production. This follows his acting success in "Daphne Laureola."



BABY FINCH, three-month-old Anita, poses happily with her actor-producer father and her lovely mother, who was formerly ballerina Tamara Tchinarova. Sir Laurence Olivier advised Peter Finch to try his luck in London.



CARRY-COT is Anita's form of transport on short walks or shopping trips. Cut lifts out of the pram, enabling Peter and Tamara to get on buses or taxis. The Finch family love London, and spend hours in antique shops in search of treasures for their home.

First-born of Australian actor and ballerina wife

Peter Finch's three-month-old baby daughter, Anita, is occupying all the spare time of this successful young Australian actor. He and his wife, formerly ballerina Tamara Tchinarova, are now established residents in the heart of London's theatreland.

THEY live in St. Martin's Lane, and Anita will be christened at the famous old church, St. Martin's-in-the-Field, when her godparents will be Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier.

From the Finchs' flat it's only a hop-and-step to the Wyndham Theatre, where Peter is appearing nightly in the hit play "Daphne Laureola." Add a jump to that hop-and-step, and you are in Leicester Square, a blazing quadrangle of neon-lit cinemas.

Life is a busy business for the Finchs. After a successful English film debut in Ealing's "Train of Events" and a stage debut in "Daphne Laureola" which drew praise from the critics, Peter is now hard at work producing his first West End play, "Pommy," written by Australian John Watson and English scriptwriter W. P. ("Bill") Lipscomb.

He is also directing the West End play "The White Falcon," a historical play about Henry VIII and Ann Boleyn with Basil Radford as Henry and Sheila Burrell as Ann.

Peter says they have a routine for taking Anita for a walk—"Down to St. James' Park to watch them feeding the ducks, up through Green Park, where we often pass young Prince Charles out in his pram, and then on to Hyde Park, just near enough to hear the soap-box boys without getting involved."

Peter hopes his daughter will become a pianist.

"Mind you, I'm not going to sit her down at a piano and stand over her while she pounds out her practice. But I just hope she will show a liking for it, that's all."

Apart from looking after the baby, Tamara does the shopping in St. Martin's Lane and in nearby Soho. "Soho is the best place in London to get the little extras that mean so much—Continental cheeses, pastes, salami, things like that. But it's the extra delicacies that cost the money—sometimes four times as much as at home in Australia. Ordinary rationed foods are cheap."

And then, of course, like everyone, they are searching for the ideal place to live. "We want more room and air now that there's the baby. We're thinking of going further out to live."



EXPERIENCE has soon made Peter into an expert bottle feeder. He says he had made up his mind he would never make gooing, clucking noises, but now he's a father it just comes naturally.



FAMILY PET, Chris, did not have his nose at all put out of joint by arrival of Anita, for he is far from neglected, and, although he ignores the baby, he flirts with visitors. Mrs. Finch enjoys petting him when she has time in between her shopping expeditions in Soho and St. Martin's Lane.

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THE "Overnight Laxative" WITH THE TONIC ACTION



"Sellotape"

The clear adhesive tape that seals without water

Dress Sense

by Betty Keep

FASHION flash: A blouse-slip designed to wear with theatre and cocktail suits makes fashion headlines in New York.

It reduces bulk at the waistline, and is the answer to the problem posed by a reader in the following letter:

The blouse slip

"I HAVE a new black sheer cocktail suit with which it is necessary to wear a petticoat and a lace blouse. With the petticoat, and blouse tucked into the skirt, I am going to look a bit bulky around the waist, as the skirt is very slim in cut."

Your problem will be nicely solved by a new garment that is booming on the American fashion market—the blouse-slip. As the name suggests, it is a blouse and slip combined in one garment, designed to eliminate bulk and to do away with any "riding out" of blouse tails. It is, of course, washable. I have had the garment sketched to make quite certain you follow exactly what I am describing.

A best suit

"THIS winter I have saved for a best suit, and would like something different and new. For the past three years I have had a brown tailor-made, and now I want a change. I am slim and fairly tall, with brown hair, blue eyes, and skin, at present, suntanned."

A combination of fabrics is new for autumn and winter suits, so are tweeds with velvet touches. You might, for instance, choose beige tweed with black velvet on the collar and cuffs, the jacket slightly bloused above a belted waistline, and the skirt slim. For the combination idea, I suggest grey flannel for a straight-in-front skirt, with one large back pleat, and grey, black, and white combined in a plaid for the jacket. Have the latter softly tailored, unbelted, and reaching to just below the hipline.

Fashion in forties

"PLEASE advise a constant reader-admirer about fashions for the not-so-young. I am in my forties, and my girls are growing up. I don't want to ape the young people, but I do want to be a credit to my hubby and family."

I think the sensible attitude for any woman over 40 is moderation in all phases of fashion. After you reach the forties, I consider it quite unnecessary to be slavish to current trends. Try to suit your own looks and individuality. Color is an important item. No one in your age group should ever dream of wearing a shade because it is "in fashion" or because it appeals to your artistic sense. Make a careful study of the shade of your skin, the color of your hair and eyes, and then experiment with shades till you find those most flattering to your coloring as a whole.

Autumn review

"WILL a full skirt be popular for day wear in the autumn, and what is the correct skirt length? I would also be obliged if you could tell me the latest in materials for a town tailor-made, new colors, and what is smart for an autumn and winter frock. Lastly, is a large or small hat to be worn for the coming season?"

There is a definite return to straighter skirt lines often designed with hidden pleats—skirts are officially shortened to fourteen or fifteen inches up from the ground, depending on the wearer's figure proportions. For a town suit there is nothing newer than tweed. On the autumn and winter color chart there is much ado about navy, red, rosy-rust, and neutral colors are still good, particularly the blond-honey group. Choose wool jersey with velvet touches for your autumn-into-winter dress. Broadly speaking, hats will be small and neat and worn pulled well down on the head. By the way, short cut hairdo's are very much in fashion, and are practically as short as those worn in the 'twenties.



TO AVOID BULK from tucking in a blouse a New York designer has devised the blouse-slip, which is a blouse attached at the waist to a full-length slip.

Gloves at night

"IS it correct to wear gloves with a short-sleeved frock to go to the pictures or a concert in the evening? If so, what are the latest styles?"

Strictly speaking, yes—but I consider it depends on the formality of the occasion and the prevailing temperature. For instance, on a very hot night, with casual cottons, I don't consider gloves would be either necessary or correct. The newest gloves are long and worn "rucked," and reach to any point between above wrist and below elbow. Numbers of evening gloves are almost shoulder-high. "Shorties" are going out, but I think they will always remain popular with teen-agers. Formal glove designs, for after dark, are often Paris inspired, and have elaborate trims such as pearls, sequins, various appliques, and "cut outs."

● Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Fashion FROCKS

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"MARGOT." Slim skirt and smartly styled jacket combine for a pre-autumn suit. The material is Tootal's crease-resisting linen, obtainable in yellow, tan, natural, brick, pink, saxe-blue, turquoise, and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 97/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 99/11. Postage 2/6 extra.

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"MARY ANNE." A pretty, full-skirted one-piece, made in cotton haircord. Color choice includes pink-and-white floral on a blue ground, blue-and-white on a pink ground, lemon-and-white on a pale green ground, cyclamen-and-white on saxe-blue ground.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 52/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 55/9. Postage 2/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 37/5; 36 and 38in. bust, 39/3. Postage 2/3 extra.

● *TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Frocks may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 55.*

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



Nos. 269 and 270—DIRNDL SKIRTS Two smart dirndl skirts cut out ready for you to sew. The material is a pretty floral seersucker in navy and red, saxe-blue and pale blue on white grounds.

Sizes: 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist. Price, 26/9; postage, 1/6.

No. 271—CLOTH, TEACOSY, AND SERVIETTE A cottage flower design is traced on heavy cream linen, sheer linen in white, blue, lemon, pink and green, and British cotton in pastel green, pink, blue, and lemon.

Sizes: Mat, 11 x 17in., linen 4/6, cotton 2/6, postage 4½d; tea-cosy, 13 x 10in., linen 3/3, cotton 3/3, postage 5½d; serviette, 11 x 11in., linen 1/3, cotton 1/-, postage 2½d; complete set, linen 10/3, cotton 6/6, postage 10½d.

No. 272—PRETTY APRON Dainty pockets and a tie-back are features of this pretty apron. It is cut out ready to make in white, pastel blue, lemon, pink, and green organdie. The basket design on the pockets is traced for embroidering.

Price, 6/11; postage 8½d.

No. 273—SLIP AND SCANTIES A slip and dainty matching scanties make an attractive set in satin. Cut out ready to sew, they are obtainable separately or as a set in white, pale pink, or blue. Lace is supplied. Sizes: Slip, 32 and 34in. bust, 19/11; postage 1/3; scanties, 11/3, postage 1/-; complete set 29/6, postage 1/6. Slip, 36 and 38in. bust, 22/9, postage 1/3; scanties 12/6, postage 1/-; complete set 34/6, postage 1/6.

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Crooked House

SOPHIA'S voice broke into my thoughts. "So it's over," she said quietly. "But why arrest them now? I thought there wasn't enough evidence."

"A certain amount of evidence has come to light," I said. "Letters."

"You mean love letters between them?"

"Yes."

"What fools people are to keep these things!"

Yes, indeed. Fools. The kind of folly which never seemed to profit by the experience of others.

"It's quite beastly, Sophia," I said. "But it's no good minding about it. After all, it's what we've been hoping all along, isn't it? It's what you said that first night at Mario's. You said it would be all right if the right person had killed your grandfather. Brenda was the right person, wasn't she? Brenda or Laurence?"

"Don't, Charles, you make me feel awful."

"But we must be sensible. We can marry now, Sophia. You can't hold me off any longer. The Leonides family are out of it."

Sophia stared at me.

"Yes," she said. "I suppose we're out of it now. We are out of it, aren't we? You're sure?"

"My dear girl, none of you ever really had a shadow of a motive."

Her face went suddenly white. "Except me, Charles. I had a motive."

"Yes, of course . . ." I was taken aback. "But not really. You didn't know, you see, about the will."

"But I did, Charles," she whispered.

"What?" I stared at her. I felt suddenly cold.

"I knew all the time that grandfather had left his money to me."

"But how?"

"He told me. About a fortnight before he was killed. He said to me quite suddenly: 'I've left all my money to you, Sophia. You must look after the family when I've gone.'"

"You never told me."

"No. You see, when they all explained about the will and his signing of it, I thought perhaps he had made a mistake—that he was just imagining that he had left it to me. Or that if he had made a will leaving it to me, then it had got lost and would never turn up. I didn't want it to turn up—I was afraid."

"Afraid? Why?"

"I suppose—because of murder."

I remembered the look of terror on Brenda's face—the wild, unreasoning panic. I remembered the sheer panic that Magda had conjured up at will when she considered playing the part of a murderess.

There would be no panic in Sophia's mind, but she was a realist, and she could see clearly enough that Leonides' will made her a suspect. I understood, or thought I did, her refusal to become engaged to me and her insistence that I should find out the truth.

Nothing but the truth, she had said, was any good to her. I remembered the passion, the earnestness with which she had said it.

Then I remembered something else she had said. She had said that she supposed she could murder someone, but if so, she had added, it must be for something really worth while.

As we stood there in silence, Roger and Clemency came walking briskly towards us. Roger's flapping tweeds suited him better than his city clothes. He looked eager and excited. Clemency was frowning.

"Hallo, you two," said Roger. "At last! I thought they were never going to arrest that foul woman. What they've been waiting for, I don't know. Well, they've pinched her now, and her miserable boy friend—and I hope they hang them both."

Continued from page 7

Clemency's frown increased. She said: "Don't be so uncivilised, Roger."

"Uncivilised? Bosh! Deliberate cold-blooded poisoning of a helpless, trusting old man—and when I'm glad the murderers are caught and will pay the penalty you say I'm uncivilised! I tell you I'd willingly strangle that woman myself."

He added: "She was with you, wasn't she, when the police came for her? How did she take it?"

"It was horrible," said Sophia in a low voice. "She was scared out of her wits."

"Serve her right."

"Don't be vindictive," said Clemency.

"Oh, I know, dearest, but you can't understand. It wasn't your father. I loved my father. Don't you understand? I loved him!"

"I should understand by now," said Clemency.

Roger said to her, half-jokingly: "You've no imagination, Clemency. Suppose it had been I who had been poisoned——?"

I saw the quick droop of her lids, her half-clenched hands. She said sharply: "Don't say things like that even in fun."

"Never mind, darling, we'll soon be away from all this."

We moved on, to go into the house. Roger and Sophia walked ahead and Clemency and I brought up the rear.

"I suppose now—they'll let us go?" she said.

"Are you so anxious to get off?" I asked.

"It's wearing me out."

I LOOKED at Clemency in surprise. She met my glance with a faint, desperate smile and a nod of the head.

"Haven't you seen, Charles, that I'm fighting all the time? Fighting for my happiness. For Roger's. I've been so afraid the family would persuade him to stop in England. That we'd go on tangled up in the midst of them, stifled with family ties."

She paused, then continued: "I was afraid Sophia would offer him an income and that he'd stay in England because it would mean greater comfort and amenities for me. The trouble with Roger is that he will not listen. He gets ideas in his head—and they're never the right ideas. He doesn't know anything. And he's enough of a Leonides to think that happiness for a woman is bound up with comfort and money."

Her voice hardened: "But I will fight for my happiness—I will. I will get Roger away and give him the life that suits him where he won't feel a failure. I want him to myself—away from them all—right away!"

She had spoken in a low, hurried voice with a kind of desperation that startled me. I had not realised how much on edge she was. I had not realised, either, quite how desperate and possessive was her feeling for Roger.

It brought back to my mind that odd quotation of Edith de Haviland's. She had quoted the line "this side idolatry" with a peculiar intonation. I wondered if she had been thinking of Clemency.

As we reached the front door, a car drove up.

"Hallo," I said. "Here's Josephine back."

Josephine and Magda got out of the car. Josephine had a bandage round her head, but otherwise looked remarkably well.

She said at once: "I want to see my goldfish," and started away towards the pond.

Please turn to page 34



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Get a bottle of **Frozol-Ice** to-day from your nearest chemist and get rid of corns—core and all.

Crooked House

MAGDA called anxiously after Josephine: "Darling, you'd better come in first and lie down a little, and perhaps have a little nourishing soup."

"Don't fuss, Mother," said Josephine. "I'm quite all right, and I hate nourishing soup."

Magda looked irresolute. I knew that Josephine really had been fit to depart from the hospital for some days, and that it was only a hint from Taverner that had kept her there. He was taking no chances on Josephine's safety until his suspects were safe under lock and key.

I said to Magda: "I dare say fresh air will do her good. I'll go and keep an eye on her."

I caught Josephine up before she got to the pond.

"All sorts of things have been happening while you've been away," I said.

Josephine did not reply. She peered with her short-sighted eyes into the pond.

"I don't see Ferdinand," she said.

"Which is Ferdinand?"

"The one with four tails."

"That kind is rather amusing. I like that bright gold one."

"It's quite a common one."

"I don't care much for that moth-eaten white one," I said.

Josephine cast me a scornful glance. "That's a shubunkin. They cost a lot — far more than goldfish."

"Don't you want to hear what's been happening, Josephine?"

"I expect I know about it."

"Did you know that another will has been found and that your grandfather left all his money to Sophia?"

Josephine nodded in a bored kind of way. "Mother told me. Anyway, I knew it already."

"Do you mean you heard it in hospital?"

"No, I mean I knew that grandfather had left his money to Sophia. I heard him tell her so."

"Were you listening again?"

"Yes. I like listening."

"It's a disgraceful thing to do, and remember this, listeners hear no good of themselves."

Continued from page 32

Josephine gave me a peculiar glance.

"I heard what he said about me to her, if that's what you mean." She added: "Nannie gets wild if she catches me listening at doors. She says it's not the sort of thing a little lady does."

"She's quite right."

"Pooh," said Josephine. "Nobody's a lady nowadays. They said so on the Brains Trust. They said it was —oh-so-lcte." She pronounced the word carefully.

I changed the subject. "You've got home a bit late for the big event," I said. "Inspector Taverner arrested Brenda and Laurence."

I expected that Josephine, in her character of young detective, would be thrilled by this information, but she merely repeated in her maddening, bored fashion: "Yes, I know."

"You can't know. It's only just happened."

"The car passed us on the road. Inspector Taverner and the detective with the suede shoes were inside with Brenda and Laurence, so, of course, I knew they must have been arrested. I hope he gave them the proper caution. You have to, you know."

I assured her that Taverner had acted strictly according to etiquette.

"I had to tell him about the letters," I said apologetically. "I found them in the cistern. I'd have let you tell him only you were knocked out."

Josephine's hand went gingerly to her head.

"I ought to have been killed," she said with complacency. "I told you it was about the time for the second murder. The cistern was a rotten place to hide those letters. I guessed at once when I saw Laurence coming out of there one day. I mean he's not a useful kind of man who does things with ball taps, or pipes, or fuses, so I knew he must have been hiding something."

"But I thought——" I broke off as Edith de Haviland's voice called authoritatively: "Josephine. Josephine, come here at once."

Josephine sighed. "More fuss," she said. "But I'd better go. You have to, if it's Aunt Edith."

She ran across the lawn. I followed more slowly.

After a brief interchange of words Josephine went into the house. I joined Edith on the terrace.

This morning she looked fully her age. I was startled by the lines of weariness and suffering on her face. She saw the concern in my face and tried to smile.

"That child seems none the worse for her adventure," she said. "We must look after her better in future. Still—I suppose now it won't be necessary?"

She sighed.

"I'm glad it's over," she added. "But what an exhibition! If you are arrested for murder, you might at least have some dignity. I've no patience with people like Brenda who go to pieces and squeal. No guts, these people. Laurence Brown looked like a cornered rabbit."

An obscure instinct of pity rose in me.

"Poor devils," I said.

"Yes—poor devils. She'll have the sense to look after herself, I suppose? I mean the right lawyers —all that sort of thing."

It was queer, I thought, the dislike they all had for Brenda, and their scrupulous care for her to have all the advantages for defence.

Please turn to page 35

RIVETS



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Crooked House

Continued from page 34

EDITH de Haviland went on: "How long will it be? How long will the whole thing take?"

I said I didn't know exactly. They would be charged at the police court and presumably sent for trial. Three or four months, I estimated—and if convicted, there would be the appeal.

"Do you think they will be convicted?" she asked.

"I don't know. I don't know exactly how much evidence the police have. There are letters."

"Love letters? They were lovers, then."

"They were in love with each other."

Her face grew grimmer.

"I'm not happy about this, Charles. I don't like Brenda. In the past, I've disliked her very much. I've said sharp things about her. But now—I do feel that I want her to have every chance—every possible chance. Aristide would have wished that. I feel it's up to me to see that—that Brenda gets a square deal."

"And Laurence?" I asked.

Edith de Haviland shrugged her shoulders impatiently. "Men must look after themselves. But Aristide would never forgive us if——" She left the sentence unfinished. Then she said: "It must be almost lunch-time. We'd better go in."

I explained that I was going up to London.

"In your car?"

"Yes."

"H'm. I wonder if you'd take me with you. I gather we're allowed off the lead now."

"Of course I will, but I believe Magda and Sophia are going up after lunch. You'll be more comfortable with them than in my two-seater."

"I don't want to go with them. Take me with you, and don't say much about it."

I was surprised, but I did as she asked. We did not speak much on the way to town. I asked her where I should put her down.

"Harley Street."

I felt some faint apprehension, but I didn't like to say anything. She continued: "No, it's too early. Drop me at Debenhams. I can have some lunch there, and go to Harley Street afterwards."

"I hope——" I began and stopped.

"That's why I didn't want to go up with Magda. She dramatises things. Lots of fuss."

"I'm very sorry," I said.

"You needn't be. I've had a good life. A very good life." She gave a sudden grin. "And it's not over yet."

.

When I arrived at Scotland Yard, my father was busy with things other than the Leonides case, so I went in search of Taverner.

Taverner was enjoying a short spell of leisure, and was willing to come out and have a drink with me. I congratulated him on having cleared up the case, and he accepted my congratulations, but his manner remained far from jubilant.

"Well, that's over," he said. "We've got a case. Nobody can deny we've got a case."

"Do you think you'll get a conviction?"

"Impossible to say. The evidence is circumstantial. It nearly always is in a murder case—bound to be. A lot depends on the impression they make on the jury."

"How far do the letters go?"

"At first sight, Charles, they're pretty damning. There are references to their life together when her husband's dead. Phrases like—'It won't be long now.' Mind you, defence counsel will try to twist it the other way—the husband was so old that of course they could reasonably expect him to die."

"True enough," I said.

"It depends what judge we get," he went on. "If it's old Carberry he'll be down on them all through. He's always very righteous about illicit love. I suppose they'll have Eagles or Humphrey Kerr for the defence—Humphrey is magnificent in these cases—but he likes a gallant war record or something of that kind to help him do his stuff. A conscientious objector is going to cramp his style."

He frowned, then continued thoughtfully: "The question is going to be will the jury like them? You can never tell with juries. You know, Charles, these two are not really sympathetic characters. She's a good-looking young woman who married a very old man for his money, and Brown is a neurotic conscientious objector. The crime is so familiar—so according to pattern—that you can't really believe they didn't do it."

Again he frowned. "Of course, they may decide that he did it and she knew nothing about it—or alternatively that she did it, and he didn't know about it—or they may decide that they were both in it together."

"And what do you yourself think?" I asked.

His face was suddenly expressionless: "I don't think anything. I've turned in the facts, and they went to the D.P.P., and it was decided that there was a case. That's all. I've done my duty and I'm out of it. So now you know, Charles."

But I didn't know. I saw that for some reason Taverner was unhappy.

However, it was not until three days later that I unburdened myself to my father. He himself had never mentioned the case to me. There had been a kind of restraint between us — and I thought I knew the reason for it. But I had to break down that barrier.



ON this third day, I said firmly to my father, "We've got to have this out. Taverner's not satisfied that those two did it—and you're not satisfied either."

My father shook his head. He said what Taverner had said: "It's out of our hands. There is a case to answer. No question about that."

"But you don't—Taverner doesn't—think that they're guilty?"

"That's for a jury to decide."

"Listen, Dad," I said. "Don't put me off with technical terms. What do you think—both of you—personally?"

"My personal opinion is no better than yours, Charles."

"Yes, it is. You've more experience."

"Then I'll be honest with you. I just—don't know!"

"They could be guilty?"

"Oh, yes."

"But you don't feel sure that they are?"

My father shrugged his shoulders. "How can one be sure?"

"Don't fence with me, Dad. You've been sure other times, haven't you? Dead sure? No doubt in your mind at all?"

"Sometimes, yes. Not always."

"I wish you were sure this time."

"So do I."

We were silent. I was thinking of those two figures drifting in from the garden in the dusk. Lonely and haunted and afraid. They had been afraid from the start. Didn't that show a guilty conscience?

But I answered myself: "Not necessarily." Both Brenda and Laurence were afraid of life—they had no confidence in themselves, in their ability to avoid danger and defeat, and they could see, only too clearly, the pattern of illicit love leading to murder which might involve them at any moment.

My father spoke, and his voice was grave and kind: "Charles," he said, "let's face it. You've still got it in your mind, haven't you, that one of the Leonides family is the real culprit?"

"Not really. I only wonder . . ."

"You do think so. You may be wrong, but you do think so."

"Yes," I said.

Please turn to page 36



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My father eyed me thoughtfully. Then he said quietly, "Why do you think it, Charles?"

"Because"—I thought about it, trying to see clearly—to bring my wits to bear—"because" (yes, that was it), "because they think so themselves."

"They think so themselves? That's interesting. That's very interesting. Do you mean that they all suspect each other, or that they know, actually, who did do it?"

"I'm not sure," I said. "It's all very confused. I think—on the whole—that they try to cover up the knowledge from themselves."

My father nodded.

"Not Roger," I said. "Roger wholeheartedly believes it was Brenda, and wholeheartedly wants her hanged. It's a relief to be with Roger, because he's simple and positive, and hasn't any reservations in the back of his mind. But the others are apologetic, uneasy. They urge me to be sure Brenda has the best defence, that every possible advantage is given her. Why?"

My father answered: "Because they don't really, in their hearts, believe she is guilty. Yes, that's sound." Then he asked quietly: "What do you think?"

"I don't know," I said. "And it's driving me frantic. None of them fits your 'sketch of a murderer,' and yet I feel—I do feel—that one of them is a murderer."

"Sophia?"

"No! Not possibly!"

"The possibility's in your mind, Charles—yes, it is, don't deny it. All the more potently because you won't acknowledge it. What about the others? Philip?"

"Only for the most fantastic motive."

"Motives can be fantastic. Or they can be absurdly slight. What's his motive?"

"He is bitterly jealous of Roger—has been all his life. His father's preference for Roger drove Philip in upon himself. Roger was about to crash, then the old man heard of it. He promised to put Roger on his feet again. Supposing Philip learnt about that. If the old man died that night there would be no assistance for Roger. Roger would be down and out. Oh! I know it's absurd . . ."

"Oh no, it isn't. It's abnormal, but it happens. What about Magda?"

"She's rather childish. She—she gets things out of proportion. But I would never have thought twice about her being involved if it hadn't been for the sudden way she wanted to pack Josephine off to Switzerland. I couldn't help feeling she was afraid of something that Josephine knew or might say . . ."

"And then Josephine was conked on the head?"

"Well, that couldn't be her mother."

"Why not?"

"But, Dad, a mother wouldn't—"

"Charles, don't you ever read the police news? Again and again a mother takes a dislike to one of her children. Only one—she may be devoted to the others."

"She called Josephine a changeling," I admitted unwillingly.

"Did the child mind?"

"I don't think so."

"Who else is there? Roger?"

"Roger didn't kill his father. I'm quite sure of that."

"Wash out Roger, then. His wife—what's her name—Clemency?"

"Yes," I said. "If she killed old Leonides it was for a very odd reason."

I told him of my conversation with Clemency. I said I thought it possible that in her passion to get Roger away from England she might have deliberately poisoned the old man.

"She'd persuaded Roger to go without telling his father. Then the old man found out. He was going to back up Associated Catering. All Clemency's hopes and plans were

Crooked House

Continued from page 35

frustrated. And she really does care desperately for Roger—beyond idolatry."

"You're repeating what Edith de Haviland said!"

"Yes. And Edith's another whom I think—might have done it. But I don't know why. I can only believe that for what she considered a good and sufficient reason she might take the law into her own hand. She's that kind of person."

"And she is also very anxious that Brenda should be adequately defended?"

"Yes. I don't think for a moment that if she did do it she intended them to be accused."

"Probably not. But would she knock out the child, Josephine?"

I THOUGHT a moment. "No," I said slowly, "I can't believe that. Which reminds me that there's something that Josephine said to me that keeps nagging at my mind, and I can't remember what it is. It's slipped my memory. But it's something that doesn't fit in where it should."

"Never mind. It will come back. Anything else on your mind?"

"Yes," I said. "Very much so. How much do you know about infantile paralysis? It's after-effects on character, I mean."

"Eustace?"

"Yes. The more I think about it, the more it seems to me that Eustace might fit the bill. His dislike and resentment against his grandfather. His queerness and weediness. He's not normal."

Something else struck me, and I went on: "He's the only one of the family I can see knocking out Josephine quite callously if she knew something about him — and she's quite likely to know. That child knows everything. She writes it down in a little book . . ."

I stopped. "What a fool I am."

"What's the matter?"

"I know now what was wrong. We assumed, Tavener and I, that the wrecking of Josephine's room, the frantic search was for those letters. I thought that she'd got hold of them and that she'd hidden them up in the cistern room. But when she was talking to me the other day she made it quite clear that it was Laurence who hid them there.

"She saw him coming out of the cistern room and went snooping round and found the letters. Then, of course, she read them. She would! But she left them where they were."

"Well?"

"Don't you see? It couldn't have been the letters someone was looking for in Josephine's room. It must have been something else."

"And that something . . ."

"Was the little black book she writes down her 'detection' in. That's what someone was looking for! I think, too, that whoever it was didn't find it. I think Josephine still has it. But if so . . ."

"If so," said my father, "she still isn't safe. Is that what you were going to say?"

"Yes. She won't be out of danger until she's actually started for Switzerland. They're planning to send her there, you know."

"I think you're right about the danger," my father said. "You'd better go down there."

"Eustace?" I cried desperately. "Clemency?"

My father said gently: "To my mind the facts point clearly in one direction . . . I wonder you don't see it yourself. I . . ."

Glover opened the door.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Charles, the telephone. Miss Leonides speaking from Swinly Dean. It's urgent."

It seemed like a horrible repetition. I hurried to the telephone.

Sophia's voice came with a kind of hard desperation in it. "Charles, it isn't all over. The murderer is still here."

To be concluded

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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. . . for B.B.C.

ASSOCIATE conductor of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, Joseph Post (his second name is Mozart) has been chosen as first conductor to be exchanged between the A.B.C. and B.B.C. He was professor of piano and oboe at Sydney Conservatorium, has been guest conductor in Melbourne and Adelaide, has conducted two opera seasons, has been an A.B.C. conductor since 1933, and has toured abroad. During the last war he rose to the rank of major. He leaves for England next month.



MISS LIL NEVILLE
. . . managing women athletes

WELL-KNOWN Victorian women's sports enthusiast Lil Neville, of Melbourne, is manager of the Australian Women's Athletic Team competing at the Empire Games. She has been associated with amateur athletics for the past 19 years, and is a former runner. She is now secretary of the Victorian Women's Athletic Association, and was a member of the last Olympic Games selection committee. Encouraging all girls and women to take up sport, she recommends it as a healthy form of relaxation that takes the mind off work.



GROUP-CAPTAIN C. D. CANDY
. . . 17 years in R.A.A.F.

DIRECTOR of Staff Duties, Air Force Headquarters, is Group-Captain C. D. Candy, formerly Assistant-Secretary, Defence Committee. He joined the R.A.A.F. as an air cadet in 1930, served overseas in the early years of the war, became C.O. of No. 74 Wing, later was appointed Senior Air Staff Officer, R.A.A.F. Command, Brisbane, then O.C. North-eastern Area. On return from a joint services' staff course in England he became Assistant-Secretary, Defence Committee, and was seconded to the Defence Department in 1948.

Little Lady In Grey

Continued from page 9

"AT long last, one day, she had a letter from him, but it was merely the letter of a cheerful friend, who no longer missed her. He added his wife's kind regards to his own . . . a cruel stroke, that . . . and she never heard from him again."

Hastily, Miss Taylor added: "Of course, he was perfectly right. But . . . well . . . I somehow think he might have left out that bit about his wife. However, there she was, alone, anguished, and without help on earth. What did she do? She faced it, my dear. She fought it. She lived it down. She conquered."

"But she had other things to help her, Miss Mary. She had genius. She could put her sorrows into writing, and make comfort out of them."

"And you," said Mary Taylor gently, "have things that she had not. You have youth, beauty, health. You have your dear mother, your sisters and brothers, brothers of whom you may be proud, and not ashamed. You are not blind to everything further than two feet from you, as she was. Do you know, I have seen her writing . . . she would have to bend over the page in the candlelight until her little nose almost touched the paper, she was so short-sighted.

"Yet, look how she surmounted and conquered that, too. She wrote books that will live as long as the tongue of Shakespeare endures upon this earth. And, my dear, she had one other thing, which you have too. May I say it?"

Alice nodded, the firelight making a halo behind her golden head. She was very pale, but there was a sort of fresh courage and hope in her sad young eyes.

"She had a good man who loved her," said Miss Taylor. "He was very handsome, and there was nothing about him to set him apart from others, unless you count his quiet devotion to duty, which, indeed, my dear, I think sufficiently unusual in a man. But then, I'm a sour old spinster! Oh, no . . . he hadn't the violent fascination of Monsieur Heger, nor those black eyes that said such things . . . nor his wit, nor his unexpected rages, nor the sweetness of his calm after a storm. But . . ."

Miss Mary quietly produced a little maxim of her own. "I sometimes think, Alice, my dear, that there are only two sorts of husbands in the world, the bad ones, and the dull ones."

She proceeded, without the slightest awareness of having said anything unusual, "Mr. Nicholls, her father's curate at Haworth, may not have been exactly dull, but he certainly would never set the Thames on fire. And yet, how faithful he was to her! How he waited. And how wise . . . I repeat, how wise she was, Alice dear, to say yes to him in the end. Oh, what sorrow she might have saved herself by saying it earlier.

"Do you know what were the very last conscious words she spoke, just a little while before she died? 'Oh,' she whispered, 'I am not going to die, am I? God will not separate us. We have been so happy.'"

There was a deep stillness in the room, broken only by the whispering of the fire.

"I know why you told me all this," murmured Alice at last. "You're thinking of John."

"Yes, my dear. I am thinking of John Mordaunt, that nice steady young fellow who loves you so truly. Don't you really think life with him would be happier than it might be if you committed the folly of running off with this handsome Irishman, even though he can steal your heart with a look or a sigh? And . . . don't you think, perhaps, that a man who can treat one woman as he is treating his wife might very easily do the same thing again to another?"

She was wise enough to leave the matter there, hoping that she had made some sort of an answer to the distracted appeal for help received from Alice's mother. She did not attempt to enforce any reply. She merely patted the girl's head, and then rose from her armchair.

"Now, my dear, just take my advice and, while I leave you for a little while, sit down here on the davenport and write a short note to Sir Patrick, making it quite plain that you do not intend ever to see him again. I will have it delivered for you."

She stood still, watching Alice's face, as the girl sat there on the Queen Anne stool by the glowing fire. Her eyes were still dim with weeping, and her lips were quivering, but there was a sort of courage in her aspect. Her head was raised. Hill Difficulty might lie before her, but in the far, far distance, perhaps, she sensed a very faint glimpse of the sapphire peaks of the Delectable Mountains.

"Yes," she said at last, with a pathetic little catch of the breath. "I'll do it, Miss Mary."

MARY TAYLOR came back, leaned down, and kissed her hair.

"Bless you, my dear," she said. "I wish you had known her. She could have helped you so much better than I. But . . . I saw it all, you see."

.

"Where are you going, Alice?" asked her mother, meeting her daughter the next morning in the hall, bonneted and bonneted, her grey silk parasol, rose-lined, in her hand.

"I want very much to go and look at the Portrait Gallery, Mamma. May I?"

"I think you had better take Cooper with you, dear, if you go there. It is not quite the place to which a young lady should go alone." A sudden suspicion leaped into her worried eyes. "You are not meeting anyone there, I hope?"

"Oh, no, Mamma. I shall be glad to have Cooper with me."

Mrs. Mackenzie rang, and gave directions that the lady's maid should get ready.

"And be sure not to be late for luncheon, my dearest. That nice young Captain John Mordaunt is coming, and I have promised him ——" she paused, then collected herself and went on more firmly, perhaps encouraged by a private note received by hand from Miss Taylor earlier in the day. "I have promised him that he may take you for a walk in the park afterwards."

She decided, tactfully, to leave the whole matter at that. Alice's cheeks grew very pink beneath her little pearl-grey veil, but all she said was: "No, Mamma. I won't be late."

She and the maid duly reached the Portrait Gallery and entered the great hall. Alice, rather shyly, addressed the uniformed attendant standing there.

"If you please," she said, "could you tell me where to find the portrait of Charlotte Bronte?"

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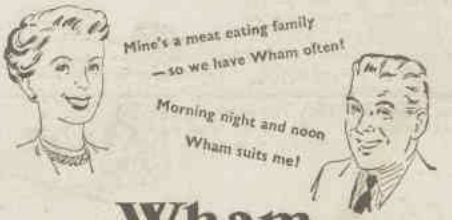
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However, you may not wish to be as eccentric as the New York debutante who has 23 pairs of glasses to match different costumes as well as one pair of flesh-coloured ones for sunbaking! But at least you have every chance to stop ruining your eyes.

The February issue of A.M. —The Australian Monthly— which is now on sale contains more of these interesting facts, plus many articles of fiction, fact and sport.

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Jean Simmons celebrates coming of age

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

The girl who is Britain's Public Sweetheart No. 1 came of age a few days ago.

I mean, of course, Jean Simmons. Filmdom made a great fuss of her.

FIRST, the great J. Arthur Rank gave her an afternoon party where he and his attendant lesser moguls handed over their present to their prize box-office star.

Then the world's Press was invited to a reception for her in the suite above one of Rank's big cinemas at Marble Arch, overlooking Hyde Park and the soapbox orators.

And then, having behaved demurely, graciously, and keeping the mischief that is in her in check, like the well-trained girl she is, Jean went home to her new flat in Manchester Square to her own private party—a small circle of film friends and persons anonymous.

Jean had the key to the door a bit in advance of her 21st birthday. She moved from her mother's modest suburban home in Cricklewood, North London, to a sophisticated address in Mayfair a few months ago.

Since then she has been so busy with film work, fittings, and interviews that she has had no time to enjoy the fun of furnishing.

Her living-room overlooks one of the nicest views in a city almost viewless, where the rent goes up by hundreds if your window boasts a sight of a tree or something green. It looks into a trim, quiet square and across at the famous Wallace Collection, standing in a pillared mansion on the opposite corner.

Jean squats on the floor and lets her guests use her tomato plush settee. The bookshelves are filled in hasty disorder with an odd conglomeration of novels from Shaw to Georgette Heyer. Records of all sorts are stacked on the floor beside a rich-looking walnut radiogram.

"I like everything," said Jean, springing off the floor and fishing out Beethoven's Ninth. "Everything, that is, except re-bop. I've got one thing here called 'Lemon Drop,' which just about drives me mad."

Then she resumes her seat on the floor, pouring out tea, a somewhat tomboyish and entirely natural figure in slacks, mules, brush-wool cardigan, and cravat.

She hasn't got over the thrill of owning a new car yet. She has changed her models several times, and now has a low rakish Bristol saloon in sparkling blue. It's capable of 120 miles an hour.

"The other day I was summonsed for speeding," she said. "The cops got me at Hampstead. It's difficult to know that you're speeding in a swish car like that. Mummy was with me, so I wasn't just acting the goat.

"But that was a bad week."

Despite her successes, which culminated in her Ophelia in Laurence Olivier's "Hamlet," Jean has the courage and the sense to admit she is not a complete actress.

"I have been learning ever since I started to work in films because I knew nothing before. I got my first job by a fluke, and I have been trying to make good on that fluke ever since.

"I loved the work from the start, even though it meant getting up at five-thirty in the morning and observing all sorts of strict rules.

"But I have always felt the lack of stage experience. That's why I took some time off to do Tolstoy's 'The Power of Darkness' with Stewart Granger on the stage.



TWO FAMOUS YOUNG LADIES—Jean Simmons, who has just celebrated her twenty-first birthday, and French actress Anouk—enjoy a good laugh together while sitting on the steps at the entrance to Pinewood Studios, where they are working in different films.

"I want to go back to the stage again, as often as possible, to fill out my acting background. I know it won't be much fun in many ways, because I've had it rather easy in films, and I don't suppose I shall be much good. I'm just hoping it won't be too awful.

"I like being criticised, not only by the professionals, but by my mother and sister. They make certain I see my faults, even when I want to forget them."

There are other ways in which Jean Simmons exhibits a mature attitude to her work.

"I love meeting people of all sorts, with different interests and occupations. It helps me. On the screen you have to be other people. Unless you know what they think about, your portrayal can't be very good.

"And, of course, getting used to meeting them helps me over the awkward social age, and accustoms me to fitting naturally into a situation without fuss or strain.

"Though I get up at five-thirty on studio days, I don't burn the candle at both ends. On those occasions I am always in bed by ten at night. And since I'm practically always working, I lead a quiet life, as do most film people.

"We may now and again be photographed in glamorous gowns, sipping champagne in an expensive night-club, but those are more rare occasions than people imagine. That's the icing on top of the cake. The cake itself consists of hard work—hard physical work—that demands you keep in good health."

One of the secrets of Jean's popularity in the film world is her vitality. She brims with natural spirits.



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FUNNYMAN

by JERRY SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER

Comedian LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN, using trick gadgets in his reversible suit to fight crime. MILTON HASSENPHEFFER asks Larry for help against NUMBSKULL, a killer. Larry meets PEACHES, Numbskull's girl, and "SHRIMPY" McGLEE tells the killer, who runs wild. Larry dodges him at first, but the killer grabs him and hurls him head first at a wall.



As I Read the STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Hold your present gains and get ready for your lucky cycle from February 15. Close ties and friendships are strongly marked. February 8 is good, February 14 might be adverse.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): You have wonderful opportunities to improve business and social prospects, although their full impetus may not be felt until the middle of next week. So start planning right away.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): This week is sure to increase your popularity, brighten your intellect, or offer some happy holiday or excursion. February 8 to 12 favorable, February 9 and 14 adverse.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Use this week to stabilise finances. February 8 is good, with February 10, 11, and 12 fair. Prepare for a big money drive next week. Your efforts will be well rewarded.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): You can do much towards establishing your friendships, partnerships, or marriage prospects this week. Use care on February 14 regarding agreements, but act with confidence from February 15.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): A week to make good progress and establish creative plans. Fortunes are on the upswing from February 15 onwards, with good days February 8 to 12.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Continue in your pursuit of happiness. February 8 is stimulating, beginning the week well with entertainment, friends, and new contacts. February 9 and 14 are a little difficult.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): A good week to further all plans for housing, domestic affairs, parents, and friends. Best dates February 8 and 11, with some major changes as next week advances.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): February is your most important month for change, both mentally and physically. Put your plans into action this week, for big opportunities are brewing from February 15.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Continue to interest yourself in finance. Big possibilities are working up, whereby you may increase your income and make your future secure. February 8 to 12 quite fair this week.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): The next two weeks could change your life very much, also help to achieve some of your long-wished-for happiness. Beware of impulse on February 14. After this, clear sailing.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Quiet planning is best for you this week, with behind-the-scene matters progressing quite well. Destiny makes your next move, so just wait for things to happen.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.]

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PP93

Gertie Lawrence not yet ready to be "typed"

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE is recuperating in Florida from filming "Glass Menagerie," in which she plays Jane Wyman's mother.

At the same time she is trying to make up her mind whether to do next a play or a picture. The charming actress thinks she'd better accept a film offer before she is "typed as a bulky, elderly woman—what a thought!"

Co-producers Feldman and Wald are said to be very excited about the rough cut they have seen of "Menagerie."

★ ★ ★

VETERAN Lionel Barrymore shows no sign of slowing down as he starts his 24th year on the M.G.M. movie lot. He will be seen as a courageous fight promoter and the father of June Allyson in "Right Cross," in which Ricardo Montalban will play the fighter and Dick Powell a sports writer.

★ ★ ★

FAST-RISING young James Whitmore finally has his chance to appear in a movie as a clean-shaven hero. The blond actor has been assigned the role of John Hodiak's superior officer in "Visa," which M.G.M. will film partly on location in Havana. In three previous vehicles Whitmore has been seen as a bearded character, playing everything from a hunchback to a grizzled war veteran.

★ ★ ★

VINCENT PRICE has done so well as the title character in the recently completed "Baron of Arizona" that producer Robert Lippert has signed him and his co-star, Ellen Drew, to team in "Park Row." The new venture is a story of New York's version of Fleet Street, and Samuel Fuller will direct.

★ ★ ★

THE success of the "King Solomon's Mines" troupe in Africa persuaded Sol Lesser to revive plans to shoot a new Tarzan picture there. He has put writers to work on a story of African outlaws rustling elephants for their ivory, with Lex Barker entering the picture as Tarzan to save the pachyderms and capture the villains.

★ ★ ★

UNIVERSAL'S higher executives put their heads together to solve the problem of how to introduce Francis, the talking mule, to the movie public in the wartime comedy, "Francis," which had its world premiere at Wiesbaden, Germany, on January 21. Should the animal be introduced as "himself" or "herself"? The way the studio heads saw it, the proclamation should read, "itself." And so it did.

★ ★ ★

EAGER movie fans will be waiting longer than they expected to see what insiders say is a new and sexy Ingrid Bergman in her Rossellini picture, "Stromboli."

R.K.O.'s plan for January release was abandoned on account of technical difficulties, not the least of which was Renzo Rossellini's belated completion of the musical score.



MARGARET LOCKWOOD, Britain's most popular feminine star, wearing her new, shorter hair-do, showed Tyrone Power some of London's beauty spots during his recent months in England.

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average

★★ *Chicago Deadline*

THIS Paramount film is a typical Alan Ladd tough-guy drama with an unusual crime theme that is developed in an interesting, though somewhat confused, manner.

We see Ladd as a not-too-hard-boiled reporter on a Chicago newspaper, setting out to piece together the circumstances leading up to the death of a girl in a cheap boarding-house, working from a list of names written in her diary.

The baffling trail takes him to tycoons and toughs, little people and big, all of whom fit somewhere into the puzzle.

Naturally, our journalistic sleuth is too clever for the unlawful forces that are unearthed.

Gun-duels follow fist-fights and rough tactics, as an extensive parade of characters filter in and out of the plot, and this is Ladd as his fans like him.

The star is rather less poker-faced than usual, and manages to bring considerable drive to his portrayal of the stranger who champions charming Donna Reed, and clears her reputation.

June Havoc, Arthur Kennedy, and Berry Kroeger are good in supporting roles.

In Sydney—the Victory.

★★ *My Friend Irma*

PARAMOUNT'S light comedy, based on the C.B.S. Radio programme of the same name, is an amusing film which keeps the audience in a simmer of laughter from start to finish.

Incidents develop round Marie Wilson, as Irma, a blonde who is the acme of dumbness.

Playing her original role, the actress looks, acts, and is Irma, the zany but rather endearing nitwit, whose boy friend Al, played by John Lund, has too many get-rich-quick ideas.

It is Al who promotes a career for the new comedy team, Dean Martin and Larry Lewis.

Martin is a good-looking crooner with a pleasant voice, and his funny-man partner, Lewis, is responsible for a lot of tomfoolery throughout the film.

Martin is also the heart-interest of Irma's room-mate, Jane Stacey (Diana Lynn), although she wants to marry money, and has a wealthy businessman (Don DeFore) lined up before friend Irma takes a hand, with the best of intentions, and upsets the applecart.

The financial problems of Irma and her Al are solved when she wins a radio quiz, and the happy ending comes on a high note of confusion.

In Sydney—the Prince Edward.

★ *The Great Dan Patch*

THERE is nothing unusual about a racetrack story, and this is another of them, but one which deals with harness racing, and which is based on the actual career of one of the great American horses of all time.

Against the background of County Fair tracks, small racing stables, and Indiana farmland, a handsome black pacer re-enacts the triumphs of the great Dan Patch, who, in 1906, established a mile record that remained unbroken for more than 30 years.

This part of the film, and others dealing with harness racing and good animals, is interesting to everyone who likes horseflesh.

The human stars are dull by comparison. There's Dennis O'Keefe, the race-loving hero, his shrewish, ambitious wife, Ruth Warrick, Gail Russell, the girl who knows and loves racehorses, with Charlotte Greenwood, Henry Hill, and John Hoyt in minor placings.

In Sydney—the Civic.

★ *Red, Hot, And Blue*

ALSO at the Victory, in Sydney, is Betty Hutton, being highly vocal in a slight Paramount comedy dealing with the adventures of an actress who determines to be a big name on Broadway at any cost.

A member of a struggling Theatre Group, and in love with its director, played by Victor Mature, battling Betty is "snatched" when she is, innocently enough, involved in a gang shooting.

Most of the film is rather humdrum material, with a bright sequence at the end, in which Hutton and Mature give the gang a thrashing which is pure Keystone.

The blonde bombshell shouts her way through several songs, dances a little, does a wicked skit on "Hamlet."

Supporting cast includes June Havoc, William Demarest, and Jane Nigh.

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Screen co-stars . . .



GARY COOPER and PATRICIA NEAL (Warner Brothers) in a scene from "The Fountainhead," a film devoted to the theme that man's personal integrity is above all law. Role of a highly articulate architect is a change for the usually laconic star.



GLENN FORD AND IDA LUPINO (Columbia) co-star in "Lust for Gold," a screen-play based upon the true story of the Lost Dutchman Mine in Arizona. Gig Young and Edgar Buchanan are in support.



DAN DAILEY AND COLLEEN TOWNSEND (Fox) share romantic stellar honors in "When Willie Comes Marching Home," a comedy about an American Army private in France.



ROY ROGERS AND DALE EVANS (Republic), husband and wife Western star team, whose next film is "Springtime in the Sierras." Uncrowned king of film cowboys, Rogers has several big Westerns planned for 1950, and towards the end of the year hopes to make a film in England, where he and his clever palomino, Trigger, are very popular performers.

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1 BOOTBLACKS in Rome compete for trade of United States soldiers. Guiseppe (Rinaldo Smordoni) and Pasquale (Franco Interlenghi), in left background, look the situation over carefully.



2 SALE of a stolen American blanket to a fortune-teller (Maria Campi), on instructions of blackmarket leader, enables two boys to buy long-desired white horse.

SHOE SHINE . . .



3 ARRESTED when the palmist complains to local police, boys are fingerprinted and booked as juvenile delinquents.

THIS film is a dramatic study of Italian children whose lives were ruined by the war. Against the background of Rome is told the story of two ragged shoeshine boys. Bereft of parents, the boys become involved in the blackmarket racket. They are caught and tossed into gaol, and finally environment makes criminals of the youngsters.

Praised as an artistic triumph, the film's aim is to combat systems that still exist in some institutions where the young are taken for correction.

A Natan Scheinwald release.



4 DEFENDED by uninterested lawyer, who makes plea of "not guilty" for Pasquale, both boys are eventually sentenced.



5 STRUGGLING wildly, for the first time in their lives the boys are parted by authorities, placed in different cells. Gaolers trick Pasquale into revealing blackmarket operations of Guiseppe's brother.



6 SPURRED ON by his cellmates, Guiseppe quarrels with Pasquale when they meet in prison shower-room, causing a break in their close friendship and mutual confidence.



7 GAOLBREAK is planned during picture-show, and five members of Guiseppe's cell escape. He plans to sell their horse to enable quintet to leave city. Pasquale guides gaolers to escaped prisoners.



8 JEALOUS rage over this treachery causes Pasquale to beat Guiseppe, who falls to his death. Pasquale sinks to his side sobbing while the horse flees into the night.

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Rome Fashions





COCKTAIL DRESS, simply cut in heavy linen heavily encrusted in colored beading in flower design, is worn with a detachable cape. By Fontana.

CASCADE of net falls from the waist of sheath evening frock of brocaded white satin designed by Gabrielaspont, who made some of Myrna Loy's clothes for her British films.



THREE BRIDES. Wedding frocks designed by Schuberth, with the theatrical touch that is characteristic of Rome weddings. Elaborate headdresses match the picturesque gowns.

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FINE POPLIN in light-brown for a party frock. The delicate clusters of flowers and fruit on skirt are of handcut bleached cork.



COCKTAIL SUIT in grosgrain, by Schuberth, has series of tuck-in tops in lace over satin, sequins and fine wool jersey, and neat, tailored grosgrain jacket.



FILMY DELICACY in Fontana's lace frock. Trailing pattern of realistic seashells is made in fine lace, tiny shells, and sequins.



MISS AMERICA (Marilyn Buferd) in Fontana frock trimmed with doves of peace, in which she danced with Shah of Persia on New Year's Eve in Rome.



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Tip-tilted eye glamor

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

● A vogue for tip-tilted eyes is the season's newest piece of vanity.



THIS series of pictures shows how to give a slanted line to eyes that look prettier with one.

If there is any secret attached to using eye cosmetics successfully, it is to work with clean brushes, allow a fair amount of time, and exercise lots of patience.

Have ready a swabstick dipped in water, two mascara brushes, and a small camel-hair brush—a clean lip-rouge brush would do.

Use the swabstick to remove all traces of powder from the lids, lashes, and brows.

● **EYESHADOW.** (1).—With the little finger, start shadow thinly on the lid, just above the pupil, and smooth it outward as far as the end of the eyebrow.

Now, lower the lid, and apply the camel-hair brush outward and upward until a narrow ribbon of color is left on the lid. This is gentled over with same brush until it is a mere haze.

● **EYEBROW PENCIL.** (2).—To slant and elongate the eyes, draw a thin line with a finely pointed pencil very lightly immediately behind the upper lashes, giving it an up-flare at the outer end.

● **BROW ACCENT.** (3).—To darken eyebrows use a sharp brown or black pencil, and lightly touch the hairs, having made sure that the space between the brows and between the lids and natural brow line are free of strays.

Now flash a dry mascara brush over the brow—first against the way it grows, then in the proper direction, coaxing outer ends upward.

● **MASCARA.** (4).—With a completely clean, very wet brush, sweep on a thin wash of mascara to the tips of the lashes (use castor oil instead of water if lashes are brittle or scanty). Allow to dry, and then follow with a second coat, upwards and outwards, concentrating on outer lashes until the desired tilt has been obtained. Next go over the lashes with the clean dry brush, remove any smudged edges.

● **SPECIAL TRICK.** (5).—Touching a soft-haired brush lightly with cream and applying it delicately along the lower edge of the lids makes eyes seem larger, brighter. Beware of any dark line beneath the eyes.

● **FINAL FLOURISH.** (6).—Go over lashes and brows with the faintest film of vaseline, then groom with the clean little brush or the fine end of a comb.

● **BRUSH-CLEANER.** (7).—Whenever a brush is used for make-up it should be cleaned right away by dipping it in a jar of witch-hazel and wiping it on a piece of cotton-wool ready for next use.









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Saves you money...serves 4

Recipes in Every Packet

NEW, EXCITING recipes from Betty King's own kitchen — a different set with every Mello flavour! Scrumptious quick-and-easies like the one you see below . . . creamy pies and puddings, trifles, hot and chilled desserts . . . tested and endorsed by Betty King, Home Economist for World Brands Pty. Ltd.







Mello Banana Chocolate Royal

Remember the finest chocolate you ever snapped between your teeth and slid, velvet-smooth, across your tongue? You'll taste that *real chocolate* flavour in this Mello-rich dessert with the built-in bonus of bananas!

1 packet Chocolate Mello, 1 pint milk, 4 ripe bananas, cherries or red jam.

Make easy Chocolate Mello according to directions on the packet. Slice 2 of the bananas in a dainty serving dish; when Mello cools swirl lavishly on top.

Pretty sleight-of-hand at serving time: Slice remaining 2 bananas and arrange in a poinsettia design round centrepiece of cherries or red jam.

4 memory-making servings — and a compliment for you in every spoonful!

P. S. You can afford to be as lavish as you like, because nourishing desserts made with Mello are so very, very easy on the budget.

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How that grand old-fashioned goodness gets them in! Star it icy-cold with ginger-nuts or crunchy macaroons. Spoon it over spicy mince in little pastry shells. Or top with chocolate shavings . . . mock cream tinted pink.



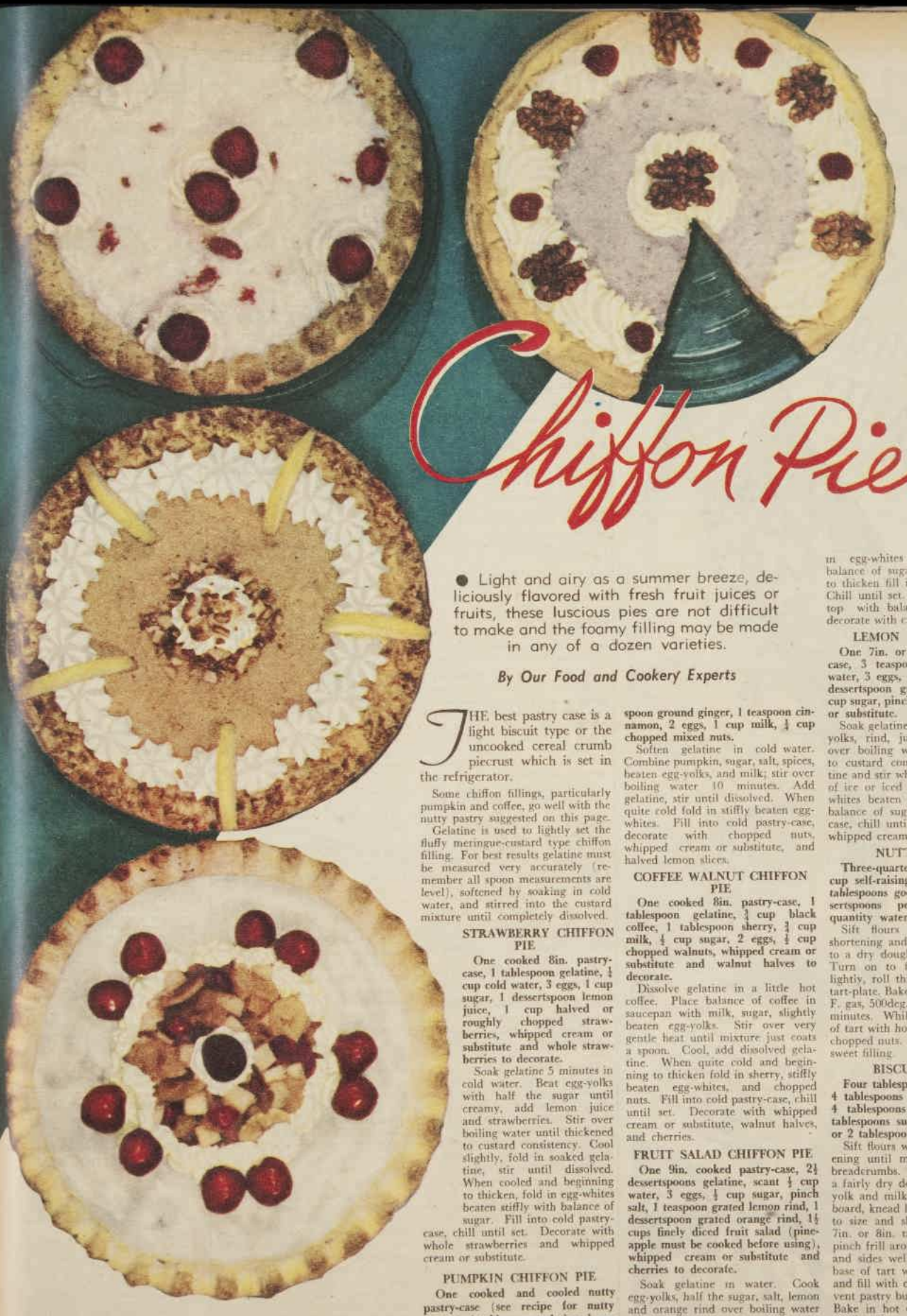




TRY THEM ALL!

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STRAWBERRY CHIFFON PIE is a glamor sweet for special occasions, unless the home garden boasts a strawberry plot. One cup of halved or roughly chopped strawberries makes sufficient filling (with other ingredients, of course) for an 8-inch tart-case. See recipe below. Freshly made black coffee, fairly strong, and a small quantity of sherry combine with chopped walnuts to provide the flavor interest in coffee walnut chiffon pie. The completed tart cuts into 10 to 12 wedges.

Chiffon Pies

● Light and airy as a summer breeze, deliciously flavored with fresh fruit juices or fruits, these luscious pies are not difficult to make and the foamy filling may be made in any of a dozen varieties.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

THE best pastry case is a light biscuit type or the uncooked cereal crumb piecrust which is set in the refrigerator.

Some chiffon fillings, particularly pumpkin and coffee, go well with the nutty pastry suggested on this page.

Gelatine is used to lightly set the fluffy meringue-custard type chiffon filling. For best results gelatine must be measured very accurately (remember all spoon measurements are level), softened by soaking in cold water, and stirred into the custard mixture until completely dissolved.

STRAWBERRY CHIFFON PIE

One cooked 8in. pastry-case, 1 tablespoon gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, 3 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 cup halved or roughly chopped strawberries, whipped cream or substitute and whole strawberries to decorate.

Soak gelatine 5 minutes in cold water. Beat egg-yolks with half the sugar until creamy, add lemon juice and strawberries. Stir over boiling water until thickened to custard consistency. Cool slightly, fold in soaked gelatine, stir until dissolved. When cooled and beginning to thicken, fold in egg-whites beaten stiffly with balance of sugar. Fill into cold pastry-case, chill until set. Decorate with whole strawberries and whipped cream or substitute.

PUMPKIN CHIFFON PIE

One cooked and cooled nutty pastry-case (see recipe for nutty pastry), 1 tablespoon gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, 1¼ cups cooked mashed pumpkin (dry type gives best results), ½ cup sugar, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, ¼ cup chopped mixed nuts.

Soften gelatine in cold water. Combine pumpkin, sugar, salt, spices, beaten egg-yolks, and milk; stir over boiling water 10 minutes. Add gelatine, stir until dissolved. When quite cold fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Fill into cold pastry-case, decorate with chopped nuts, whipped cream or substitute, and halved lemon slices.

COFFEE WALNUT CHIFFON PIE

One cooked 8in. pastry-case, 1 tablespoon gelatine, ¼ cup black coffee, 1 tablespoon sherry, ¾ cup milk, ¼ cup sugar, 2 eggs, ½ cup chopped walnuts, whipped cream or substitute and walnut halves to decorate.

Dissolve gelatine in a little hot coffee. Place balance of coffee in saucepan with milk, sugar, slightly beaten egg-yolks. Stir over very gentle heat until mixture just coats a spoon. Cool, add dissolved gelatine. When quite cold and beginning to thicken fold in sherry, stiffly beaten egg-whites, and chopped nuts. Fill into cold pastry-case, chill until set. Decorate with whipped cream or substitute, walnut halves, and cherries.

FRUIT SALAD CHIFFON PIE

One 9in. cooked pastry-case, 2½ dessertspoons gelatine, scant ½ cup water, 3 eggs, ½ cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1½ cups finely diced fruit salad (pineapple must be cooked before using), whipped cream or substitute and cherries to decorate.

Soak gelatine in water. Cook egg-yolks, half the sugar, salt, lemon and orange rind over boiling water for 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Add soaked gelatine, cool slightly. Fold in 1 cup of the fruit salad, stir while cooling over bowl of ice. Fold in egg-whites beaten stiffly with balance of sugar. When beginning to thicken fill into cold pastry-case. Chill until set. Just before serving top with balance of fruit salad, decorate with cream and cherries.

LEMON CHIFFON PIE

One 7in. or 8in. cooked pastry-case, 3 teaspoons gelatine, ¼ cup water, 3 eggs, ½ cup lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup sugar, pinch salt, whipped cream or substitute.

Soak gelatine in water. Cook egg-yolks, rind, juice, and half sugar over boiling water until thickened to custard consistency. Add gelatine and stir while cooling over bowl of ice or iced water. Fold in egg-whites beaten stiffly with salt and balance of sugar. Fill into pastry-case, chill until set. Decorate with whipped cream or substitute.

NUTTY PASTRY

Three-quarters cup plain flour, ¾ cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3 tablespoons good shortening, 3 dessertspoons peanut butter, small quantity water.

Sift flours with salt. Rub in shortening and peanut butter. Mix to a dry dough with a little water. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll thinly. Line 7in or 8in. tart-plate. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes. While still hot brush edges of tart with honey and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Fill with any desired sweet filling.

BISCUIT PASTRY

Four tablespoons self-raising flour, 4 tablespoons cornflour, pinch salt, 4 tablespoons good shortening, 2 tablespoons sugar, yolk of 1 egg, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk.

Sift flours with salt, rub in shortening until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add sugar. Mix to a fairly dry dough with beaten egg-yolk and milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll thinly. Cut to size and shape required to line 7in. or 8in. tart-plate. Line plate, pinch frill around edges. Prick base and sides well with a fork, or line base of tart with greaseproof paper and fill with dried peas, etc., to prevent pastry bubbling during cooking. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes. Remove paper and peas 4 or 5 minutes before end of cooking time to allow base of tart to brown lightly.

PUMPKIN CHIFFON FILLING in a nutty pastry-case is unusual and delicious. Fruit salad chiffon filling is quick to fix, but will not set if uncooked pineapple is used in the fruit salad.

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FISH SOUFFLE, served piping hot from oven, is made to go further by the addition of mashed potato. Lemon and parsley are used to flavor and to garnish. See prizewinning recipe below.

Cash prizes for recipes

INTERESTING and appetising recipes which are favorites with our readers win prizes for them this week.

Peach mallow sherbet, which wins first prize, is a pleasant sweet with a rich fruity flavor. This recipe will be a useful addition to your collection of summer sweets.

A recipe for baked fish souffle wins a consolation prize. When making this dish drained and flaked tinned fish can be substituted for the cooked flaked fish suggested in the directions for making.

The recipe for liver cracknell savories is unusual and delicious. The liver paste has a variety of uses. Try it as a sandwich spread, or as an addition to seasonings and stuffings. Prepared and stored in a screw-top jar in the refrigerator or ice-chest, it will keep for six or seven days.



TINNED or fresh ripe peach pulp and marshmallows form the basis of this prize peach mallow sherbet.

PEACH MALLOW SHERBET

One and half cups fresh or tinned peach pulp, ½lb. marshmallows, ½ cup cold water, 3 tablespoons sugar, ½ pint cream or substitute, 2 tablespoons powdered milk, ½ pint milk, whipped cream or substitute, chopped nuts, and glace or crystallised cherries to decorate.

Sprinkle sugar over peach pulp, allow to stand 20 minutes. Place marshmallows and cold water in saucepan, heat over boiling water until melted. Remove from heat, add peaches, stir until well mixed, cool. Heat milk slightly, add powdered milk, beat until light and smooth, add to peach mixture. Lastly fold in cream or substitute beaten until stiff. Pour into refrigerator trays and freeze until firm. Serve topped with whipped or mock cream, chopped nuts, or coconut and rings of cherries.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Evey, 796 North Rd., Ormond, S.E.15, Vic.

LIVER CRACKNELL SAVORIES

Cracknells: One cup flour, pinch grated nutmeg, pinch salt, 3oz. margarine or butter, 1 egg-yolk, water to mix.

Liver Paste: Half-pound lamb's liver, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon margarine or dripping, 2 dessertspoons finely diced onion, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 cup water, ½ teaspoon mixed mustard, salt and pepper, small pinch powdered sage or thyme, 1 gherkin and small red cocktail onions to garnish.

Sift flour, salt, and nutmeg, rub in one-third of margarine or butter. Mix to a stiff dough with egg-yolk beaten with little water. Knead lightly on floured board, roll to oblong shape ¼in. thick. Spread with half remaining margarine or butter. Fold dough in three lengthwise, turn, and roll again. Spread again with remaining margarine or butter; fold again, and roll thinly. Cut into desired shapes with floured cutter. Place on biscuit trays, bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 7 to 10 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, spread with liver paste, decorate with sliced gherkin and cocktail onions.

Liver Paste: Wash liver, soak ½ hour in cold water, remove skin. Cut into thin slices, chop roughly, coat with flour. Fry until brown in margarine or fat melted in pan. Stir in vinegar, water, onion, and mustard, season with salt, pepper, and sage or thyme.

Cover and simmer 15 minutes until liver is quite tender. Drain, reserving gravy. Mince liver finely, mash in basin with wooden spoon. Stir in gravy, mix well. Pack into screw-top jars, store in cool place until required.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Taylor, 13 Seaview St., Waverley, N.S.W.

BAKED FISH SOUFFLE

One cup cooked flaked fish, ½ cup mashed potato, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 3 eggs, 2oz. margarine or butter, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, salt and pepper, lemon wedges and parsley to decorate.

Grease a souffle dish. Melt margarine or butter, add potato and tomato sauce and beat over gentle heat until potato is heated through and mixture quite smooth. Add fish, parsley, milk, and lemon juice. Add slightly beaten egg-yolks, mixing well. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Fill into prepared souffle dish, bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) for 20 to 25 minutes, until well puffed and lightly browned. Serve garnished with lemon wedges and parsley sprigs.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Wallace, 23 Thomas St., Ipswich, Qld.

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3 minutes in the NEW Sunbeam MIXMASTER

and this delicious cake is ready for the oven



If you are one of the fortunate persons who own a Sunbeam MIXMASTER, try this simplified "Quick-whip," 3-minute cake-making method and see how easily and quickly you can make a delicious, meltingly-tender cake. . . . It's the even MIXMASTER mixing that gives "1-bowl" cakes a uniformly finer, feather-light texture. And there's no "trick" to it with MIXMASTER to perform the 2 simple mixing operations (3 mins. in all).

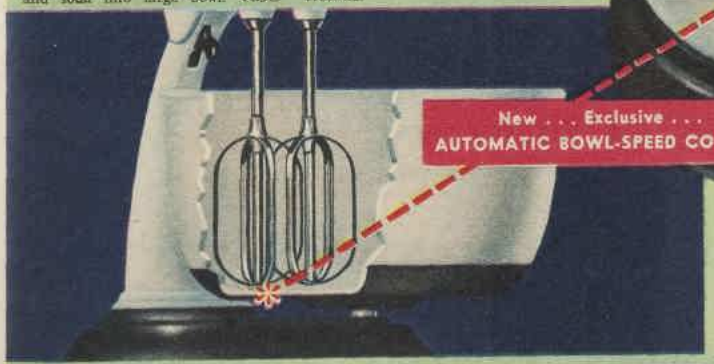
INGREDIENTS: 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 cup castor sugar, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup shortening (very soft), 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pinch salt.

METHOD: SIFT flour, salt, cocoa and soda into large bowl. ADD shortening, sugars, vanilla and milk, and beat on Speed 2 for 2 minutes. SCRAPE from sides and beaters. ADD egg, and beat 1 minute on Speed 2. POUR into 2 greased 7" sandwich tins. BAKE in a moderate oven for 25-35 minutes. COOL—ice and fill with your favourite frosting.



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N/C/49



EUCALYPTS surround Mr. and Mrs. K. A. Bond's home, built on the slopes of Castlecrag and overlooking Sailor Bay, Middle Harbor, and bushlands below. Exterior walls of recently completed home are off-white, and ironwork is painted blue to match the tiled roof.

MODERN HOME

BUILT-IN furniture has been used to advantage to give an uncluttered and spacious air to the home of Mr. and Mrs. K. A. Bond, at Castlecrag, N.S.W.

Built on a steep incline, and with natural surroundings of stately gums, the house overlooks Sailor Bay, one of the inlets of Middle Harbor.

The view of the water through the trees is brought into the lounge-room through enormous floor-to-ceiling plate-glass window, flanked by ceiling-high casements.

Another feature of the lounge-room is the distinctive use of Australian walnut for built-in bookcases on each side of the fireplace, and for the drinks cupboard and servery which abut across the entrance to the dining-recess.

One wall of the dining-recess is panelled with walnut, and the modern furniture is of the same wood.



DEEP AND WIDE WINDOWS, curtained in maize linen, take up entire front wall of L-shaped living-room. Gay linen covers of two-seater lounge, chairs, and pouff have a maize background patterned with floral print, which tones well with strawberry felt.

Colorful dahlias . . .

DURING the next two months dahlias in the garden will need care and attention if results are to be satisfactory.

Dahlias are reasonably drought-resistant, but during the hot summer afternoons they suffer from thirst and loss of vigor. Regular watering is necessary to keep the plants healthy, although it is not advisable to leave the hose playing over the foliage for hours.

Too much water given in this manner causes mildew to develop—a disease which can be very damaging and disfiguring to both the foliage and flower crop.

The best way to ensure the plants are receiving plenty of water is to loosen the soil between them, taking care not to disturb the roots, and then water well around them.

Once a week the foliage should be washed down with a fine sprinkling from the hose. This will free the leaf cells from dust and dirt so that the plant can breathe.

Make sure that all dahlia plants are well staked and the stems tied securely to the stakes. Tie the knots to the stakes and merely loop the twine or raffia round the stems for support. Pinch out the tops of the plants if they grow too tall, as this will induce stooling of the laterals and more and better blooms will form.

Later, as the buds appear, thin them out so as to leave one good plump bud to each stem. From these buds the biggest and best blooms will appear. If your plants produced far too many stems, it might pay, even at this late period, to thin them out.

Force the growth into as few stems as possible, then thin out to a few good buds, and the results will be much more satisfactory than an overcrowded plant carrying too many blooms.

Feed the dahlias regularly with weak liquid manure up to the time when the buds start to show color, and then desist. Water the ground well and thoroughly before applying any liquid fertiliser. A strong dose of this liquid might do harm or force the plants too greatly. If the soil is nicely damp when the liquid fertiliser is applied, it will reach the feeding roots in a readily assimilable form and no harm will result.

Caterpillars are often troublesome when the buds appear, and do much damage by burrowing into them as they start to fatten up.

Regular spraying with lead arsenate or any of the proprietary mixtures of DDT will be found useful controls. If mildew appears on the leaves, spray with colloidal sulphur or dust well with equal parts of hydrated lime and sulphur and the trouble will clear up—but start early, as the disease is incurable when once well established.—**Our Home Gardener.**



HYBRID CACTUS dahlias are among the most beautiful of the dahlia family. The blooms are large and are easy to arrange in a vase as interior decoration.

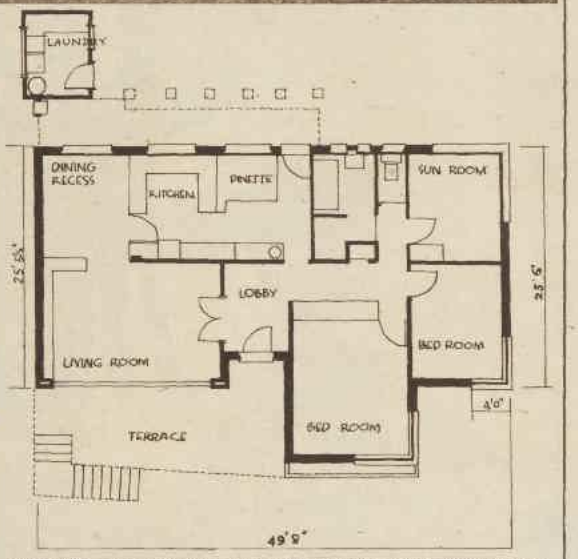
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LONG VIEW of living-room shows modern furniture and fitment built in to hold magazines, books, wireless, and cocktail cabinet.



BREAKFAST NOOK and plenty of cupboard space are features of airy cream-and-green kitchen. Counter partition closes off eating area.



GROUND PLAN shows how every inch of the 1414 square area has been used to advantage. Large windows give impression of spaciousness, while rooms opening directly into one another cut out any wasted hall space.

SCHOOL LUNCHES

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

CHILD specialists have often stressed that malnutrition is not always the result of underfeeding, but of wrong feeding.

In spite of this warning, many mothers persist in the lazy habit of giving money to their young children, with instructions to buy their lunch from the "tuck shop," instead of taking the trouble to pack the children a planned and well-balanced lunch-box.

Some schools are doing a good job by making provision for children to obtain Oslo lunches on the school premises, and by educating mothers to understand that wrong feeding not only affects the physical well-being of the rapidly growing child, but also its mind. Naturally, school work then becomes inferior.

The lunch-box should contain foods with a good mineral and vitamin content, and which are nutritious, tasty, and varied, so that the school lunch is attractive to the young child.

A leaflet which gives suggestions for a well-packed school lunch-box is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge St., Sydney, if a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.



FLOOR-LENGTH corner windows of main bedroom pictured above make room light and airy. Floral patterned chintz is used for bedspread, chair cover, and outer curtain. Below, dining suite is of modern design with chairs upholstered in same linen as lounge suite.





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F5836.— One-piece with new bloused top, the slim skirt designed with side pleats. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

\+ +

F5859.— Matron's floor-length dinner-gown styled with a becomingly draped skirt line. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/4.

\+ +

F5860.— Small girl's frilly one-piece. Sizes 17, 18, and 19in. for 1, 2, and 3 years. Requires 1¼yds. 36in. material and ¼yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 1/8.

\+ +

F5861.— Smart one-piece with tucked yoke detail. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

\+ +

F5862.— Simple-to-make daytime dress has embroidered motif on bodice front and sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

Better Beauty-care for BUSINESS GIRLS



Read how this practical, time-saving
HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT
gives busy girls a lovelier skin

This is important news for the girl who is always saying she "just hasn't got the time." You can make your skin look really lovely with this widely used home beauty treatment. It's the kind of skin care you could spend hours on at expensive Beauty Salons, but now so easy to do yourself.

What you do is give yourself a quick beauty facial every night with Skin Deep Facial. It takes only a few minutes in your own home. This entirely new kind of facial cream is winning almost fanatical devotion from girls who find out about it.

The important feature of Skin Deep Facial is that it nourishes the deep under-skin; you can tell this at once by the surprising way it goes *right into your skin*. No elaborate massage is needed: scientific tests have proved that the skin soaks up 87% more Skin Deep Facial than the average face cream! Skin Deep Facial carries deep into the skin the vital things it needs to keep young-looking.

No girl who has a busy indoor job all the week, with a few late nights for good measure, can escape that fatal tired look. If you let this become a permanent state, your skin will soon lose its attractiveness, despite youthful years.

Just smooth this life-giving beauty cream lightly over your face and neck *every night at bed-time*. Skin Deep Facial is so nice to use, because it disappears into the skin quickly and doesn't leave a greasy layer on the surface. And so refreshing! All the tiredness and tautness leave your skin at once.

Regular nightly facials bring about quite exciting improvements in your skin within a few days! All signs of tiredness and nervous strain vanish immediately, and any roughness, coarseness or patchiness is soon softened away. *Ask any girl who uses Skin Deep Facial*—and she will tell you how true this is. Skin Deep Facial is highly recommended by chemists, who understand the scientific features of this important new development in Skin Care.

Start your home beauty treatment to-night. Thousands of girls in England and Australia already use Skin Deep Facial regularly. You can get it at any Chemist or Department Store. 5/- for a large treatment-size jar.



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The one medicine no mother can afford to be without

One of the most useful things your medicine cabinet can contain is a bottle of Milk of Magnesia. It has so many uses—particularly in the household where there are children—that you cannot afford to be without it. But it is always a wise plan to ask for "Nyal" Milk of Magnesia. The name "Nyal" is a guarantee that the Milk of Magnesia you buy is the purest quality obtainable.



In 2 sizes: 1/9, 2/9; in 2 forms: Sweet and Regular.



for babies. A teaspoon of dependable Nyal Milk of Magnesia after each feeding prevents "wind" and helps to ensure regular habits. In addition to being a corrective for minor stomach upsets, Nyal Milk of Magnesia helps digestion and corrects "sour stomach."



for children. The minor digestive upsets of children can be safely relieved with Nyal Milk of Magnesia. It is a mild, non-habit-forming laxative, which can be safely given to even a delicate child. The "sweetened" form is specially made for children.



for adults. Indigestion, heartburn and acid stomach can be promptly relieved with a tablespoon of Nyal Milk of Magnesia in an equal quantity of water. Your chemist will tell you that Nyal Milk of Magnesia is just as good for adults as it is for children.



Made by NYAL

that's all I need to know!

At left are just a handful of the dependable Nyal medicines and toilet products available from your chemist. Each of those illustrated has a special task. The medicines—to provide safe, dependable treatment for the everyday ailments which visit every household from time to time. The toilet products—to furnish your family with a range of high quality products for their personal use. Nyal Creophos (2/9, 5/-, 6/9), Nyal Antacid Powder (2/6), Nyal Fruit Laxative (1/9), Nyal Figsen (1/6), Nyal Baby Soap (1/-), Nyal Baby Powder (1/7, 3/3), Nyal Kwik Tan Cream (1/9), Nyal Kwik Tan Sun Oil (2/3).

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